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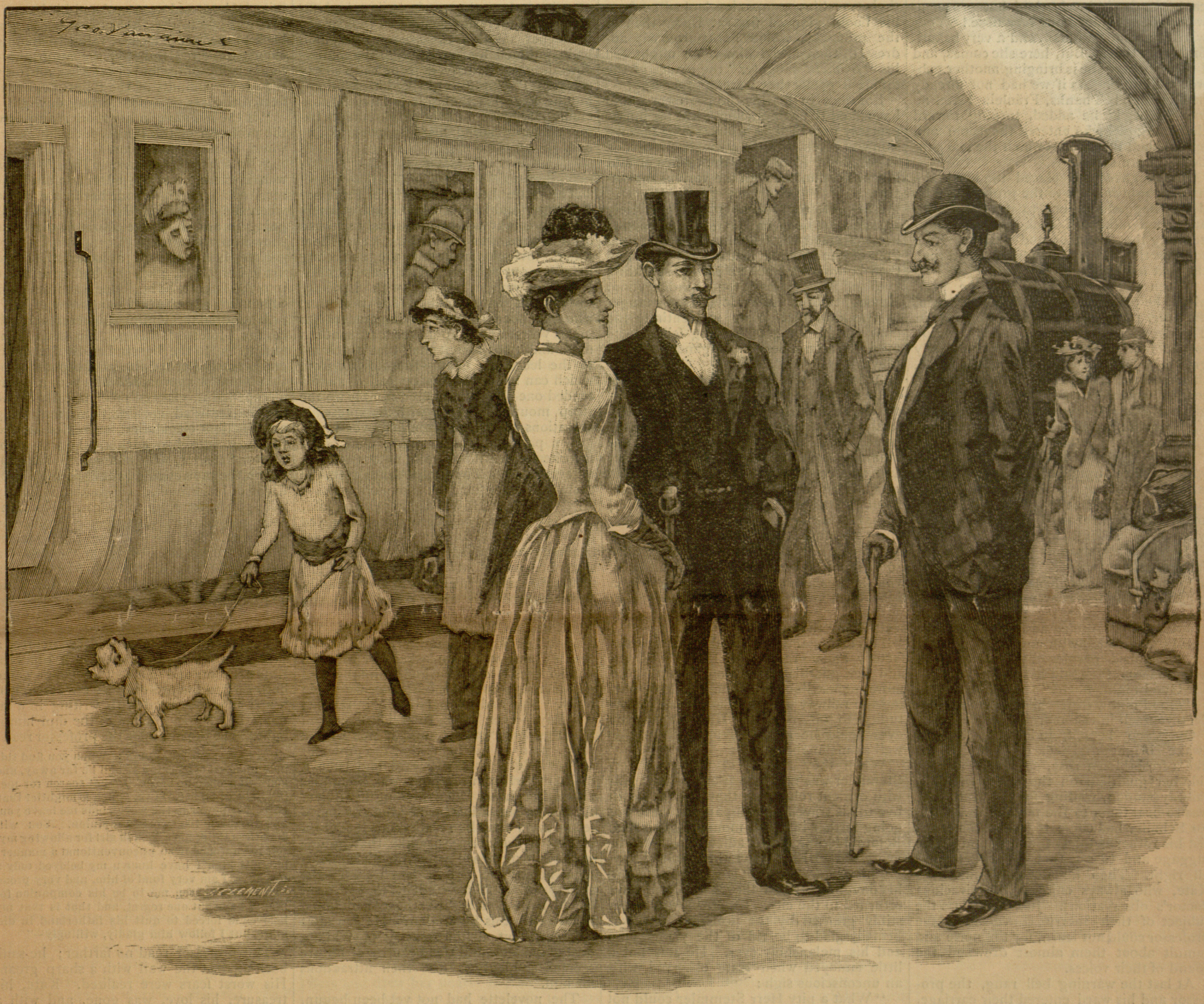

THE DEPARTURE FOR THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.

THE PROFESSOR'S WAGER.[*]

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY S. E. BOGGS.

[*This Story is Complete in This Number.*]

CHAPTER I.

"MY dear professor, you don't know what you are talking about! The task is not so easy as you imagine."

"Nonsense, Michael. I should like to know what is so difficult about composing a novelette! The material for a first-rate one is to be found anywhere. All that is required is a bit of invention, a few ideas and a nimble pen. You are clever enough at other things, I—"

"Thanks, most respected professor, for that grain of flattery," laughingly interrupted Doctor Schaller, "but, just at present, my mind is too much taken up with wondering if my little Marie's parents are going to consent to receive me as their son-in-law, to allow me to think even of the 'other things' at which I am 'clever enough.' I can't work. I can't drum up the least scrap of an idea, and I have promised to send in the story by the end of the week. A fine acquisition my journal will think me! Besides, the novelette is limited to just forty pages, and if there is anything I dislike it is to be limited. Just imagine, most worthy professor, that you were limited to a certain number of pages, and that you were in the middle of an exciting declaration of love or the description of a battle, and that you should suddenly discover that you were on the last page! What should you do?"

"I should have an earthquake put an end to my characters as well as to the story, in the first instance; and in the second, conclude the battle by a general slaughter of all the participants," promptly responded the professor.

"Oh, it is easy enough to *talk!* One does not need to be very 'clever' for that—"

"I'll tell you what I'll do:" suddenly interrupted the professor. "I'll write the story for you."

The doctor laughed heartily as the professor replaced with unusual energy his wine-glass on the table.

"You—*you* write a story? Ha! Ha! Ha! If you were to propose a dissertation on the formation of crystals or a treatise on botany or an essay on mineralogy, I should not think it strange. But a novelette! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"I suppose you think I can't do it?" rather tartly observed the professor. "If you will take the trouble to come to Hohenschwangau in five days you shall have the story."

"Oh, worse and worse?" gasped the doctor, with another burst of laughter. "This wild talk comes from changing one's principles! Had we remained faithful to our Munich beer, instead of indulging in the Rhenish grape-juice, you would not have lost your wits."

"Don't lay it to the wine, my dear Michael. Something else has inspired me. You may laugh, but you shall have the story, and it shall not be wanting in plot or interest, either!"

"You'll never succeed, old fellow. You haven't the least idea what belongs to a novel," with a compassionate glance returned the doctor.

"Will you bet that I can't write one?" demanded the professor.

"Yes—yes! Let it be a wager," assented his friend. "If I win, you will have to marry for you are too good a fellow to die a bachelor."

"'Marry?' I?" repeated the professor, aghast. "You

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are demented, Michael! I am too old to think of getting married. No, if I lose I shall pay you two hundred dollars."

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor, in triumph. "I knew you were afraid you would lose."

"No, I am not!" retorted the professor. "To prove that I am sure of winning, I promise to marry if I fail to hand over the story at the appointed time. But, Michael," he added, with sudden seriousness, "suppose I should get married, what would become of the child?"

"'The child?'" echoed the doctor. "I dare say 'the child,'" with comical emphasis, "will very soon be getting married herself! Learned fellows like yourself are always in the clouds. Where are your eyes? You are attentive enough to the development of a growing plant, but you can't see that a lovely child has grown to womanhood under your very nose! Your ward is a young woman, and a very beautiful one at that? But, here she comes, and I verily believe she is bringing another cobwebbed bottle. As if we had not already had enough! Thanks, Fräulein Kate, no more I beg!" he added, turning toward the young girl who entered the room and approached the table at which the two gentlemen were seated.

She laughed and placed the bottle she had brought in front of the professor. The doctor begged him not to draw the cork, and soon afterward took his departure, advising the professor and Fräulein Kate to be at the railway station in good time the next morning.

When the professor bade Kate good night, he placed his hand under her chin, lifted her face and looked earnestly at it. The doctor's words had drawn his attention to the fact that the "child" had really grown to be a woman. His little Kate, the orphaned daughter of a brother-professor, to whom, out of compassion, he had given a home ten years before—his little Kate would soon be getting married?

Impossible!

And yet, the doctor was right. The youthful face upturned to his, with its large, questioning eyes, was no longer the face of a child. But it was a wonderfully lovely face, and the professor gazed absently at it for several moments in silence. Then, suddenly dropping his hand to his side he, asked:

"How old are you, Kate?"

"Almost twenty, dear uncle."

"'Al-almost twenty?'" he repeated incredulously. "Age comes upon one very rapidly," he added with a sigh.

Kate looked perplexedly at him for a few moments, then said hesitatingly:

"Good night, uncle."

"Good night, dear child. Don't oversleep yourself in the morning."

Oversleep herself, indeed! She was awake bright and early, and looked like a fresh-blown rose, as she stood beside her guardian on the platform at the railway station, waiting for the train that was to bear them to the mountains. Doctor Schaller had come to the station to assist his rather helpless friend attend to the luggage and to see that the tickets were all right. Then he devoted himself to Kate, who always enjoyed the vivacious doctor's observations. Just what was the subject of their merry conversation the professor could not learn, for the noise and tumult about them almost drowned the sound of their voices.

At last the warning bell rang, the professor and his ward entered their carriage, the door was closed, the engine gave a shrill whistle, and the train began to move.

"Don't forget our wager, old man!" called the doctor, waving his hat to the professor at the open window; "and remember, only forty pages, but exciting and interesting. In the meantime I'll be on the lookout for a *Frau Professorinn.*"

To reply was impossible, for the train was already too far away; but the professor nodded understandingly and waved his hand. A few minutes afterward, they were rushing at full speed through the suburbs, and very soon even the steeples of the Residenz had faded into the distance.

The wind caught the clouds of smoke which rose from the engine, tossed them playfully hither and thither, casting fantastic shadows on either side of the road. Now the train sped past a stately villa, now through a picturesque hamlet.

The professor leaned back in his seat and gazed thoughtfully at the varied scenes flitting past the window. The doctor's parting words reminded him that it was time to be thinking of a plot for his novelette, but he found it impossible to withdraw his attention from the beautiful panorama outside.

Kate sat opposite to him, a picture of youthful loveliness, in her trim, gray travelling-gown, with the round hat only half concealing her charming brow. There was only one other traveller beside themselves in the carriage, a good-looking young man with a pair of large melancholy eyes and a luxuriant black mustache.

Toward this young man the professor glanced more than once, frowned, and wondered why such handsome fellows were sent into the world. Why the professor should frown and find fault with his fellow-passenger he could not have told, but, most likely, it was because the melancholy-eyed stranger seemed to attract more of Kate's attention than her guardian thought compatible with the way the "child" had been educated. And now a misty, blue mass became visible away out against the horizon line.

"The mountains! The mountains!" delightedly exclaimed Kate.

At the sound of her fresh young voice, their travelling companion looked up from his book, glanced first at Kate, then at the professor, whom he courteously addressed, then asked him if he might tell his "*fräulein* daughter" the names of the different peaks they were approaching.

For once in his life the professor would have liked to be ungracious; but his innate courtesy prevailed as usual. The permission was given, and the stranger proceeded to enlighten Kate as to the names of and legends connected with the various mountains.

The professor took no part in the lively conversation between the two young people, but continued his contemplative examination of the fleeting landscape. Now and then he would glance at Kate's sparkling eyes and blame himself for his indiscretion. He ought not to have allowed the stranger to speak to her. Kate was entirely too familiar with the good-looking fellow, who might be a gambler or a brigand, for aught they knew.

At last the travellers arrived at the end of their railway journey, and the professor, on alighting from the train, looked helplessly around for the carriage which was to convey them to the inn at the foot of the mountain. He could not help but envy and admire the skill and dexterity with which their travelling-companion (whose name he had learned was Max Stemmler) managed the luggage-porters and cabmen. Herr Stemmler was bound for the same inn to which the professor and Kate were going; and before our learned friend knew what he was about, he found himself in a light, open vehicle, with Kate by his side and the dark-eyed stranger on the opposite seat, facing them.

This arrangement seemed perfectly satisfactory and agreeable to Fräulein Kate; and her guardian, who now became even more monosyllabic than he had been during the railway journey, had ample opportunity to observe that Herr Stemmler's eyes could be animated and piercing as well as melancholy.

When they arrived at the inn, Herr Stemmler was met by a friend, and it was with evident reluctance that he bade goodbye to his travelling companions. He was going farther into the mountains, he said. Before bidding them adieu, however, he expressed a wish to have the honor of paying his *devoirs* to the "Herr Professor and his daughter" when they should all have returned to the city. This favor was rather stiffly granted by the professor, who was heartily glad to be rid of the young man and his melancholy eyes. He was not a little annoyed when Kate observed, with an unconscious sigh:

"What a pity Herr Stemmler could not stop here a little while! He is so—so interesting!"

The professor was of a different opinion, but he made no response. Imagine his surprise when, some time later, he retired to his room, he heard, in the apartment adjoining his own, a voice so like Herr Stemmler's that he knew he could not be mistaken.

"Recognize me? My dear fellow, that will be impossible." He heard Herr Max's tones distinctly through the thin partition. "I'm going to shave off my mustache, and this disguise will—"

The remainder of the sentence escaped the ears of our eavesdropper, who inwardly anathematized the noise on the street, which prevented his hearing all of the conversation in the next room.

There was a pause. Then another voice—evidently that of Herr Stemmler's friend—said:

"Indeed? Danger must have great attraction for you. You would better be careful. I'm afraid these adventures will end fatally for you one of these days—"

More noise on the street, at the cessation of which the listener heard Herr Stemmler say laughingly:

"Yes, but the young lady is charming, fresh and unsophisticated as a wild-flower—just the sort to attract—"

There was no noise to drown the conclusion of Herr Stemmler's speech, but the professor failed to catch it, as he was repeating to himself:

"'The young lady?' That's Kate. Now I wonder what—"

He bent his head to the partition in time to hear:

"Catch me? I guess not! I've got two loaded pistols and—"

The professor was not certain, but he thought he could distinguish the whispered words, "police," "across the boundary." Of one fact he was certain, however, and that was that their travelling companion was a dangerous character, who was either trying to evade the law or going to break it.

You may imagine that he did not sleep very soundly that night, although the voices in the adjoining room were not again heard after the last fateful words. The next morning, when the professor inquired for Herr Stemmler, he was amazed to hear the innkeeper say that the young gentleman had continued his journey into the mountains directly he arrived from the railway station. The professor looked incredulous, but he kept his thoughts to himself, concluding to await further developments before communicating his suspicions to any one.

CHAPTER II.

The little hostelry in which Professor Amstetter and his ward had taken quarters for a fortnight was picturesquely situated on the shore of an Alpine lake, whose silent waters lovingly mirrored the encircling heights, on one of which was perched Hohenschwangau Castle, with its lofty towers and battlements. The professor, who had been an unwearying student for many years, and who never had made a more ambitious ascent than that which led to the lecturer's chair—the outlook from which can by no means be called an extended one—now clambered nimbly up the steep mountains, and, with inexpressible sensations of delight, rambled over moss-grown paths, among beetling cliffs. His favorites, the wild-flowers, welcomed him on every side. The dewy Alpine rose, the azure-tinted gentian, the snowy edelweiss—all were here. He was as happy as a child, and his pleasure would have been unalloyed if only Kate had been well enough to accompany him on his daily rambles. But since her arrival at the inn, the poor girl had had so much headache that she rarely ventured from her room; and when she did so, she was so silent and absent-minded that her society gave him no pleasure. He missed her joyous laughter, her girlish prattle; and when he asked her why she was so silent, she blushed painfully and stammered some unintelligible words in reply. She had changed sadly in the last few days—ever since their journey from the Residenz, in fact, and it was with a sharp pain at his heart that the professor acknowledged that his ward had been a different girl from the hour Max Stemmler kissed her hand when bidding her adieu. A peculiar sensation thrilled the grave professor every time he recalled this tender incident; a sensation very like that he was wont to experience when, in his student-days, he saw the girl he loved prefer the society of a fellow-student to his own. Could it be possible that Kate had fallen in love with this Stemmler? He jeered at the idea; but all the same, it gave him a deal of anxiety, and the beauties of nature seemed suddenly to lose their attractions for him.

The novelette had not yet been begun. Doctor Schaller was right after all; to write a story was a more difficult task than he, the professor, had imagined. He had not yet settled on the plot, and five days had passed since he bade the doctor adieu. To-day was the last day; to-morrow would bring the doctor to Hohenschwangau, and how the fellow would laugh and triumph over him. He took up his pen with sudden resolution; but Kate's pale face came between him and the paper—would rise before him every time he dipped his pen into the ink. He succeeded at last in writing two or three sheets. He stopped to read over the introduction. It was too long, and the description of the heroine, who bore a striking resemblance to Kate, was certainly too prolix. As if in a dream, he heard the doctor's:

"And remember, only forty pages, but exciting and interesting."

What an idiot he had been to undertake so ridiculous a task! He was too old for such trifling! He flung down his pen, seized his hat and strode out to the lake, where he sat down close by the water. Was he really so old? He bent over the placid surface at his feet, and looked long and earnestly at the face reflected there. It was a face that could not be called young, but it was a manly—a noble face. The possessor of it sighed, and sat upright—*he* was not satisfied with it. On the opposite shore of the lake two figures were distinguishable amid the trees; one was clad in light-colored feminine garments. The professor took his *lorgnette* from its case, adjusted the focus, and recognized in the figures Kate and— Yes it *was* Max Stemmler, that dangerous desperado, although the luxuriant black mustache had vanished, and instead of a modish travelling-costume, he was clad in a common gray suit with a round felt hat.

A sudden fear overpowered the professor. He thrust the *lorgnette* back into its case, and without stopping to collect the closely written sheets of manuscript which fluttered into the water as he rose to his feet, started to walk around the lake. It was a long distance to the spot where he had seen Kate and Herr Stemmler, and when he arrived there, no one was to be seen. There was no sound save the humming of bees and an occasional bird-note.

It was late in the afternoon when he got back to the inn. Heavy, rain-threatening clouds obscured the sky, the atmosphere had become sultry and oppressive, and only the snowy summits of the tallest peaks reflected the last rays of departing daylight.

"Is the *Fräulein* in her room?" inquired the professor of the innkeeper's daughter, whom he met at the door.

"No, *Herr Professor.* The *Fräulein* went into the forest this afternoon after she received a letter that made her face very red when she opened it. I supposed she was going in search of the *Herr Professor* to show him the letter."

Kate had received a letter that had made her blush, and she had gone alone into the forest? The letter was from Max Stemmler, and she had gone to meet him!

A hundred tormenting conjectures crowded the professor's brain. He sank, faint and weak, to the bench beside the door, and scarcely heeded the inn-keeper who at that moment approached him with a letter. He opened it, glanced mechanically at the hastily scrawled epistle, then, muttering an impatient ejaculation, crumpled it and thrust it into his pocket. It was from Doctor Schaller, who announced his arrival on the morrow, and reminded the professor of his promise. He waited anxiously a long time for Kate to return. The minutes passed slowly, tediously, and she came not. For the first time the professor felt a yearning desire to see the "child—" a yearning very unlike that experienced by a guardian for his ward. For the first time he realized, in this hour of anxious waiting, that his feelings toward the young girl had changed.

The threatening clouds drew nearer, a sudden gust of wind tore open a blind in Kate's room, and a sheet of paper came fluttering to the professor's feet. He picked it up; it was covered with writing in a familiar hand. By the aid of the dim lamplight above the inn-door the professor read:

"My Dearest Guardian: When you find this note to-morrow morning I shall be far away, and you will see me no more. Do not search for me; it will be of no use. Love, which is mightier than any other power in the world, bids me leave you, and to scorn the world's opinion. You will doubtless think me a foolish girl for allowing myself to be wooed in so unconventional a manner; but, although I have known my beloved only a few days, I am very fond of him, and very proud that he has chosen me to be his companion for life. I have but one regret, and that is that my beloved is forced to quit his fatherland in disguise, but I follow him gladly, willingly—"

The professor read no farther; he sank back against the wall with a sharp groan. His worst fears were realized. Kate, his treasure, his love, was gone, and with a desperate criminal!

He did not yield long to his emotion, however, but sprang to his feet, one thought alone filling his brain: He must overtake the fugitives.

He did not stop to consider the approaching storm, but dashed along the highway at a speed that would have done credit to a younger man. As if in league with him the storm changed its course, and sent only an occasional lightning flash into the mountains. The air became cooler. The windows of the castle were brilliantly illuminated; sounds of music and merry laughter floated out upon the night and increased the wanderer's unhappiness. Now the moon came from behind a dark curtain of clouds, and revealed to the professor the little toll-house which marked the Austrian boundary. A guard sat at the door smoking his pipe; he rose at the approach of the professor, dropped his hat, and exclaimed as he recognized the wanderer:

"Is it you, *Herr Professor?* When I first caught sight of you, I thought you were a ghost. How come you to be abroad at this late hour?"

The professor sank, exhausted, on the bench by the door, and for the first time realized the futility of his chase. He was glad that the loquacious toll-collector spared him a reply by continuing:

"Of course it has turned out to be a fine night, after all; but it must have looked pretty stormy when you left the inn. I wish I were not obliged to sit here on guard. I 'd be wandering about, too. There 's to be fine sport to-night—a smuggler chase. The clever rascal has led us by the nose for many a day, but we 're going to trap him to-night. He has been betrayed by a comrade, and is to be taken by surprise. I shouldn't be greatly surprised, however, if he would get away again, for he 's a slippery chap—has fine manners, and looks just like a city gentleman, and a pair of black eyes that have made many a girl's heart beat. He was in Munich only last week, and seems to take delight in the most dangerous—"

The professor heard no more. He felt as if his senses were deserting him. And this daring smuggler was Kate's beloved! He turned hastily from the voluble toll-collector, who fain would have detained him longer, and stammering: "I must go on—a little farther," strode rapidly into the darkness.

The guard looked perplexedly after him, muttering:

"They say down at the inn that he is a very learned man, and I believe it—all learned folks are peculiar. I hope he won't get into trouble with the smuggler hunters."

The professor, who scarcely knew what he was doing, had proceeded but a short distance from the toll-house, when a pistol-shot quite near to him broke the silence; directly afterward he heard the dry twigs and leaves rustling underneath a hasty footstep, and the next moment he almost stumbled over a man who was crouched behind a low shrub. Quick as thought, the professor decided that this must be Kate's abductor; with a strength he did not dream he possessed, he caught the stranger by the throat and held him fast. A short, sharp struggle followed; another shot rang out just at the moment, and the professor felt a stinging blow on his temple that felled him to the ground. Before he lost consciousness, he thought he saw Max Stemmler's face, revealed for a second by a flash of lightning; then he knew nothing more.

CHAPTER III.

Several days passed before consciousness returned to the professor's clouded brain. When he awoke to the life about him, he found himself lying on the bed in his comfortable room at the inn. He could see from the open window the blue mountains, the shimmering water of the lake shadowed by the dark fir-trees on its shore; and close by his bedside his friend, Doctor Schaller.

"Well, most respected professor," began the vivacious doctor, when the invalid turned a clear glance of reason upon him, "you have made a pretty mess of your vacation among the mountains! You 've been playing the role of independent tax-collector and police official—have had a sharp tussle with a notorious smuggler that resulted in a brain-fever, and all for pleasure and recreation!"

The professor laid his hand on his forehead as if to collect his thoughts; but before he could speak, his friend added:

"I do believe you have forgotten everything that happened! I 'll call Kate. She can tell you all about your adventure."

"Kathrina? My—my ward?" interposed the invalid, with a glance of amazed inquiry. "Don't you know," he went on, unsteadily, "that she—she—"

"Has gone—eloped—deserted you!" laughingly repeated the doctor, as the invalid hesitated. "Yes, I heard enough about it in your delirium. But you are mistaken, old man. Kate hasn't run away with a 'desperate villain,' but has been your most devoted nurse throughout your really serious illness."

The doctor rose, took a packet of papers from the table and added:

"I found this manuscript on your table the morning I arrived here, just after you had been brought, unconscious and bleeding, from the mountain. I did not think I was committing an indiscretion in reading it, for I saw at a glance that it was the novelette you promised me. You have won the wager, for you have written a story, but it is a trifle too romantic for my purpose."

The professor took the manuscript with a bewildered expression on his pale face, and as the doctor passed into the adjoining room let his glance rest on the first page, and read:

"My Dearest Guardian: When you find this note to-morrow morning, I shall be far away."

Why, this was the letter Kate had left for him!

At this moment the door opened, and the object of his thoughts, his lost treasure, his beloved Kate, stood before him.

She came to his side and bent tenderly over him. He laid his trembling hand on hers and looked wistfully into her eyes.

"Kathrina," he murmured, pointing to the fatal letter, "tell me what this means!"

A burning blush covered her face.

"Don't be vexed, dear guardian," she returned in a low tone. "The doctor told me, the morning we left home, about your wager, and—"

"Well?" demanded the invalid, as she hesitated.

"When we had been here a few days, I saw that you would lose, for you were too much occupied with your mountain-climbing. I could not bear to think of your losing the bet, so I wrote a story and laid it on your table the afternoon you went out to the lake. That is why I never went to walk with you. I had to work very hard to finish my task in the appointed time. The story begins with that letter, and *I* think it quite exciting. Besides, it concludes on the thirty-sixth page. I am so glad it came out so nicely. I went out to the lake that afternoon to tell you about my venture, for I had received a letter from Doctor Schaller, who wanted to know if the novelette was completed. I could not find you; so I walked on up to the castle, where a schoolmate of mine is visiting. There was a sort of *fête* going on, and she invited me to stop and see some of the distinguished guests arrive. When I came back to the inn, I learned that you had been inquiring for me, but had gone out again—"

"But, Kathrina," gravely interposed the professor, "I saw you in company with that daring smuggler, Max Stemmler—"

Kate's merry laugh interrupted him.

"'Daring smuggler?' Why, my dear guardian, Herr Stemmler is not Herr Stemmler at all, but Herr Revenue Collector Neudorfer, who for the fun of the adventure came here to help entrap Franz Brandt, the notorious smuggler and bandit. He changed his name and disguised himself, because the smuggler has many friends in this part of the country and because Brandt knew him. Herr Neudorfer told me all about the plan for the capture the afternoon I met him by the lake. He was then on his way to the rendezvous on the mountain. It was he who shot Brandt just at the moment when the desperate fellow, who had been struggling to escape from you, gave you the terrible blow on the temple. Herr Neudorfer had you carried down here, and has been here every day to inquire about you."

"And is that *all* you have to tell me about Herr Stemmler, or Neudorfer, my child?" asked the professor, in a peculiar tone.

"N–no," stammered Kate, with a shamefaced blush, "he—he told me—something else."

"And what did you reply, Kate?" persisted the professor, turning the rosy face toward him.

"I told him I did not love him," was the naïve reply. "Herr Neudorfer is very handsome and clever, and I was very sorry he could not stop here with us, for he could have helped me with the novelette. But—" here her face was again hidden from her guardian's searching gaze—"I could not leave you for him—or any one, and so I told him. I only learned how much—how much I wanted to stay with you—always, when they brought you, pale and unconscious, from the mountain."

"Kathrina," the professor's voice trembled as he laid his arm around her shoulders and drew her nearer to him. "Kathrina, I am glad you do not wish to leave me."

"That is why I wrote the story," she returned, with a shy, upward glance at him. "I did not want you to lose the wager, for then you would have been obliged to marry, and I should have been compelled to leave you. But—" with sudden apprehension—"you have lost the wager after all; the doctor knows that you did not write the novelette."

"And, as a matter of course, I must pay the wager," supplemented the professor, trying in vain to look into the face that was bent low over his breast.

"Ye–es," was the sobbing response, and two warm tears fell on his hand.

With a sudden movement, the professor drew her face close to his own and kissed her lips.

Not many words were required to convince her of the love she had won; and when Doctor Schaller, some time later, returned to the sick-room, the professor greeted him with a joyous countenance and in a voice that was singularly vigorous for an invalid:

"You have won the wager, Michael. My Kate wrote the novelette, and I shall marry as I promised."

"Great Cæsar! Whom?" ejaculated the astounded doctor.

"Can't you guess? Kathrina doesn't think me too old!"

THE END.

GERTRUDE HADDON.*

"ONLY A GIRL'S HEART."--Third Series.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER V.

"BOUND ON A VOYAGE OF AWFUL LENGTH."

"BOUND to San Francisco, by the way of Cape Horn!" echoed Gertrude, in a fainting voice, as she sank back in her chair, looking pale as death.

In an instant Captain Wailes saw the error he had committed, and hastened to rectify it.

"But we need not take *you* so far away from your home, my dear—I mean madam," he said, as he poured out a glass of water and handed it to her.

"Thanks. It is a very long voyage—a voyage of many months, is it not?" she inquired, as she rallied her strength, took the glass and drank the water.

"Yes, my dear child—I mean, my dear madam; but you are so infantile, you know. Yes, it is a very long voyage; but, as I said before, we need not take *you* so far, if you do not wish to go."

"Oh! I leave all my friends behind me! All I have in the world!" said Gertrude; but she meant Gerald Fitzgerald, and no one else, for he was all the world to her.

"Well, we must try to send you back to them, by the first homeward-bound ship," said the captain, cheerfully.

"Oh, you *do* meet homeward-bound ships?" exclaimed Gertrude, flushing with renewed hope.

"Why, certainly we do! Lots of them! Heaps of them! Flocks of them! Droves of them!" cried the captain, exultingly, but with the flagrant exaggeration inspired by his wish to comfort and cheer his little passenger.

"Oh, I am so glad! And we may even meet one to-day?"

"We may indeed or," added the captain, who thought he had gone too far in promising so much, "we may not meet one for two or three days; no one can tell. So do not keep your attention on the *qui vive* of expectancy, but compose yourself, and, above all, eat your breakfast. You are eating nothing, my dear child—my dear madam, I should say! Pray, forgive me; but I have a little girl at home, in old St. Mary's, who is just about your age, and I shall not think her marriageable for half a dozen years to come. How came you to marry so young?" inquired Captain Wailes, with a frankness which in *him* seemed perfectly natural.

"Because Colonel Fitzgerald asked me to do so," answered Gertrude, simply.

"Oh!" exclaimed the captain, with a little laugh, "and papa and mamma consented."

"I had no papa or mamma," Gertrude gravely explained.

"Ah," said the captain, in a more subdued manner, "but your guardians, little matron?"

"They had no power to prevent my marriage. It was especially stipulated in my grandfather's will that I might marry under age if I should wish to do so."

"And you did wish?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because Colonel Fitzgerald asked me."

"Oh, but suppose any other eligible gentleman had asked you?"

"I should have been very sorry, for I would never have married any one in the world except Colonel Fitzgerald," answered Gertrude, earnestly.

And then, all of a sudden, she blushed painfully. Indeed, any one less meek and gentle than Gertrude might have taken offense at these home questions of the plain, fatherly old sea-captain; but our little lady, besides her meekness and gentleness, possessed the charity that "is not puffed up," that "thinketh no evil."

The good captain, perceiving that he had embarrassed "the little matron," immediately changed the subject.

Meanwhile, the other passengers, who were seated around the breakfast-table, seemed to be too busily engaged in talking about the wreck with one another and with the ship's officers, to bestow the slightest attention on this little side conversation between Captain Wailes and Mrs. Fitzgerald.

When the company arose from the table, Captain Wailes gave his arm to Gertrude, to steady her steps as he took her on deck.

"Do you prefer to sit here or would you rather go below?" he inquired.

"I will go to the cabin, if you please," answered Gertrude.

"I hope, my dear lady, that I have not been so unfortunate as to have given offense by the plainness of my questions. I fear you thought me very impertinent; but I really meant not to be so. I am a fatherly old fellow, with a daughter of my own at home, so you see how it was," said the good captain.

"Indeed, Captain Wailes, I think you are very kind to take so much interest in a stranger, and I should be silly as well as ungrateful to feel any offense," answered Gertrude, as soon as his silence gave her the opportunity of speaking.

"You are a good little lady. Now I hope you will let me know whether you require anything that the ship can provide for you," he said, as he handed her down the companion-way.

In the cabin Gertrude found a curious scene going on. It looked as if a dry-goods store had been opened there.

On the table lay whole pieces of cotton, linen and woolen goods, piles of Scotch-plaid shawls, lamb's-wool hose and under-vests and cases of needles, thimbles, scissors and spool-cotton.

Around the table were gathered all the women in the cabin, examining and selecting from the goods.

"What is all this about?" inquired Gertrude of the good stewardess, who seemed to be the saleswoman of the concern, if it was a sale.

"While you ladies were at breakfast, these goods were brought up from the hold by the captain's orders. They are out of the captain's own share of the cargo, which is composed, as you may judge from these here specimens, of Manchester, Sheffield and Scotch goods," explained the stewardess.

"But what are they brought here for? We have no money to buy anything. Our money has all gone to the bottom in the *Zanzibar*," said Gertrude.

"Bless the child! The captain don't want anybody to buy anything. All this is a free offering to the shipwrecked ladies. 'God bless Captain Wailes and the *Becky!*' Captain Wailes knew the ladies would want more than one change of clothes, and the *Becky* had her hold full of all necessary goods. So the captain has had all this stuff got up for you, and even the scissors to cut 'em out and the needles and thread to make 'em up! It will be a rare amusement for you, too, ladies, on the long voyage."

"All this is very kind of the captain. Indeed, everything that he does is exceedingly kind and thoughtful. But it seems scarcely worth while to make up any clothes, when we expect to leave the ship so soon."

"*Eh?*" exclaimed the stewardess and the ladies in a chorus.

"I say it is scarcely worth while to avail ourselves of the captain's munificent liberality, for the few days or hours that we shall remain on the ship," repeated Gertrude.

"I don't know what you mean at all, young madam; but if I know anything about it, we shall be on this ship a good six months before we land," said the stewardess, while all the other women looked at the confident face of Gertrude with mingled astonishment, incredulity and—hope!

"I don't mean that we—that we shall land from this ship. I know, of course, that the voyage is a very long one; but the captain says that we may be transferred to the first homeward-bound one that we meet, if we wish to be sent home, as of course we all do," Gertrude explained.

"Oh, yes, of course," said the stewardess, indiscreetly; "but who knows how long it may be before we meet one. I think the ladies will do well to take the captain's offer, and make up one suit of underclothes apiece at least, if they want to be clean and comfortable."

"But the captain said we might meet a homeward-bound ship any day, any hour," pleaded Gertrude, clinging to her hope with the tenacity of desperation.

"So we may, any day or any hour. But, then, again, we mayn't, not this side of the Horn! So, I tell you, young lady, as you 'd better take this bolt of linen and cut you

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out a suit of underclothing; and I 'll fit you with a thimble and give you needle and thread to sew it up," persisted the stewardess, pushing a large roll of goods toward Gertrude.

But she had dropped down into a chair, overcome with sudden disappointment and dread. Had the good captain only "prophesied smooth things" that had no foundation in truth, when he told her that they would meet "droves" of homeward-bound ships? She could not tell. Instead of touching the bolt of linen or answering the stewardess, she asked a question.

"Is there, then, no certainty of our meeting a homeward-bound ship before we reach Cape Horn?"

"No, there is no certainty. There is *never* any certainty. But there is a chance; *always* a chance," replied the stewardess, oracularly.

"Well, in that case I will believe in the captain and hope for the ship," said Gertrude to herself, though her heart was very heavy.

Then, admitting the need she would have of additional clothing in case she should remain on the *Becky* even a week longer, she followed the advice of the stewardess and went to work with the other women.

There was not another individual among the wrecked party who was as much alone as Gertrude.

For even in the hurry of putting the passengers of the *Zanzibar* in the life-boats some attention was given to the expediency of keeping family parties together.

All on the boat Number 2, with Gertrude, were in complete parties, and had been so received on the *Becky*, although the limited accommodations of the ship necessitated the arrangement by which all the women and children were bestowed in the after cabin and all their husbands, fathers and other male relatives in the main cabin. But Gertrude had no one with her except her providential deliverer and escort, Sallust Rowley. And a delicate sense of propriety warned her that she must not make a companion of him, but, on the contrary, she must habitually avoid him as much as she possibly could do without discourtesy.

She felt that the plain spoken but kind-hearted old sailor, Captain Wailes, was likely to be her best and safest friend at need; but she knew that she should see very little of him either, on account of his many duties, for he was an active commander and did not leave the conduct of his ship exclusively to his subordinate officers.

As for her fellow-voyagers in the ladies' cabin, they were absorbed in their own parties with their own troubles, and gave little thought or attention to any one or anything outside of their own little circle of grievances. And, lastly, the good stewardess had too many ladies and children on her hands to give much sympathy to any one individual.

So Gertrude was very much alone even in that crowded cabin.

But she did not cultivate her solitude and nurse it as a grievance. Her good heart going forth in kind thoughts and then kind acts toward all around her, soon created a sphere of love which embraced first the litttle children, then their mothers and then even the selfish and thoughtless within her influence.

She exerted herself to be useful and agreeable to her companions. When she had finished but one change of clothing for her own use, she made up one for the old lady whose sight was too impaired to enable her to sew for herself. When she had completed this task, she helped the mothers who had several children already suffering for clean clothes. Indeed, by the third day of wearing the little children's raiment was so much soiled and begrimed as to bring forth this exclamation from the stewardess:

"Well, I think it 's a special providence that our cargo is all in dry-goods instead of tea and coffee and liquor and things, and that the captain had a share in it, too, else I don't know what would have become of these children!"

But Gertrude's nimble fingers helped the mothers so effectually that the children were soon cleanly clad in their new clothes, while their old clothes were taken off by the kind stewardess to be washed and mended.

Then Gertrude made a shirt for Sallust and sent it to him by the stewardess.

She thought—poor child!—that one change of clothing all around could be made to do, for she hoped from hour to hour and from day to day to meet that homeward-bound ship which was to carry them back "to old Virginia's shore."

But when a week had passed away her heart so utterly failed and sickened that she felt she could be silent no longer.

She went on deck on the afternoon of the seventh day to look for the captain. She found him near the wheel.

"Oh, Captain Wailes," she said, "tell me truly—*please* tell me truly: *Is* there any hope of our meeting a homeward-bound ship?"

The good captain took his pipe from his mouth and turned and looked compassionately on her little pale, careworn face and pathetic brown eyes lifted so pleadingly to his, and he answered kindly:

"My dear child, I *do* tell you truly. Yes, certainly there is good hope of meeting a homeward-bound ship, or at least some ship by which you might reach home. For instance: If we were to meet a steamer or a sailing-vessel bound to London or to Havre, we could put you on her, and you could go to London or to Havre, or to any other port in Europe to which she might be first bound, and thence take ship to the United States and reach your home in three or four weeks."

"Oh, how long, how long!" cried Gertrude, in a woe-begone voice.

"My child, are you so eager to get home that you cannot endure the unavoidable delay?"

"Oh, Captain Wailes, I know I ought to be patient, but I cannot! Oh, I cannot! Oh, if you *only* knew, if you only knew! My case is the worst case on board, Captain Wailes!" she moaned, wringing and twisting her little hands that had grown so pale and thin.

"My little daughter," said the kind-hearted old sailor, "every one on the ship thinks his own or her own case the hardest to bear. That is very natural."

"Oh, Captain Wailes, you don't know, you don't know!"

"Tell me, then, daughter, what is it that makes your case so much worse than that of all the others?" he inquired, sympathetically.

"Oh, sir, my husband believes me to be dead, he believes me to be dead!"

"*Eh!*"

"He believes me to be dead, and he is grieving for me, and I cannot get near him to comfort him, or even get a chance to send him word that I am living. I am being carried farther and farther from him every day, and no one knows how far I am to go or how long I shall be parted from him, or what may happen in the interim," she said, in a voice of despair.

"You must not look on the darkest side, daughter. Of course he will hear of the wreck of the *Zanzibar* from some of those passengers in the other lifeboats that will have been picked up by other ships nearer home; but he need not, therefore, take it for granted that your boat was lost and believe you to be dead," said the captain, earnestly.

"Oh, sir, he believed me to be dead—he was *convinced* that I was dead before the *Zanzibar* ever sailed."

"*Eh!*"

"Indeed he did! And he had the very best reason for believing so. Have you not heard of the burning of the *Messenger* in Dover's Straits?"

"Of course I have. I have read all about it in the papers; I have read every man's statement—the captain's statement, and the first engineer's statement, and the steward's statement, and Lord Theobald Nugent, a passenger's, statement. I always read all about the shipwrecks and disasters at sea, daughter, because I can learn practical truths from them; just as doctors read up all remarkable cases in their line and lawyers in theirs. But what has the burning of the *Messenger* to do with *you?*"

"Did you read the list of the lost?"

"Yes, of course, conscientiously."

"Then you must know what the burning of the *Messenger* has to do with me."

"Indeed I do not."

"My name was in the list of the lost."

"*Eh!*"

"My name was in the list of the lost. Did you not see it!"

"My dear, I read over about two hundred names of the saved and the lost and saw not a name of any one I knew. So you see how difficult it is for me to remember among so many whether I saw the name of Fitzgerald or not. You were on board the *Messenger?*"

"Yes, I was; and I was reported lost."

"How was that, my daughter?"

"Listen, and I will tell you, Captain Wailes."

And she told him the story of the burning of the *Messenger* in Dover's Straits, and of the swamping of the women's life-boat and of her rescue by Sallust Rowley. She did not tell him that she had been picked up first by her husband and abandoned by him, for she said to herself: "The captain will be sure to misunderstand it and to blame Gerald."

"My dear, I give in. Your case is the hardest case of all the shipwrecked party. But you have faith and courage, daughter. Exercise them still. Hope for the coming of that homeward-bound ship," said Captain Wailes.

"But if it should not come?"

"At the worst, you would have to sail with me round Cape Horn and up the Pacific coast, and back again the same way. It would take about a year. But you have no idea how soon a year really passes! Young people never have. It will soon pass. Meanwhile, Colonel Fitzgerald is not suffering the anguish of suspense about you. And believe me, daughter, there is no other grief in this world so hard to bear as such a suspense would be, for there is no rest in it. It is a torture-rack that holds the spirit in agony. He is not subjected to that. He believes that you are in heaven, and his soul rests in that belief, however mournfully, but it rests."

Gertrude bowed her head, but made no reply.

"Now turn your mind to another view of the case. Do not look on the dark side exclusively. Do not think that every mile is taking you farther and farther from your husband, though that is true; but look to the end. Look on the bright side. Look to the end. Think how every day is bringing you nearer and nearer to the time of meeting, for this also is true."

"I will try to do so," murmured Gertrude, gently.

"And, meantime, trust in Providence. Pray for faith, hope and charity; for faith to sustain you under this trial; for hope to brighten future prospects, and for charity that will so go forth in good offices to those around you that you shall in a measure forget your own cares and troubles."

"I will do so, Captain Wailes," she meekly replied.

"And keep up your spirits and take care of your health, my little matron. You are looking pale and thin. You must take care of yourself for the good colonel's sake."

"Thanks, Captain Wailes. I will try to do so."

"And the time will pass more quickly then, and so bring around the day when you will meet your husband—when he will receive you as one risen from the dead. Imagine his joy! Is not that worth struggling and living for?"

"Oh, yes, indeed it is, Captain Wailes. And I will try to be strong and patient—yes, and helpful, too," said Gertrude, earnestly.

"And one last word now."

"Yes, captain."

"Remember that there is always a chance of meeting a homeward-bound ship. Let that hope cheer but not disturb you."

"I will try to govern my own spirit, Captain Wailes," she replied, as she left the deck.

The captain, when he next met Mr. Rowley, spoke to him about the burning of the *Messenger* and the rescue of Mrs. Fitzgerald.

And Sallust told him the whole truth, including the portion that Gertrude had loyally left out.

"What!" exclaimed the thunderstruck sailor. "Did this Fitzgerald leave his wife to perish while he rushed from her to rescue another woman? Was he mad or false?"

"That is the hardest conundrum I ever tried to guess. *She* says not. And she ought to know," replied Sallust.

After that, the story of Mrs. Fitzgerald's rescue from the sea on the night of the burning of the *Messenger* got bruited around among the ship's crew and passengers of the *Becky;* but it was told according to Gertrude's version, so that no blame was attached to Colonel Fitzgerald, though red-headed little Sallust Rowley was elevated into a hero, and Gertrude became an object of greater interest and affection than ever before among her fellow-passengers.

The second week of their voyage on the *Becky* passed, without a sign of a homeward-bound vessel to be seen.

Gertrude kept her promise to the good captain. She tried to be strong, patient and helpful.

Patient and helpful she could indeed be, without any effort at all, for to be patient and helpful was in her very nature; but she could not be strong.

The *Becky* was approaching the warmer latitudes; but the voyage seemed to grow more wearisome every week. The days were monotonous. Like John Hay's "engineers," they were "pretty much all alike."

Here is a specimen:

The cabin passengers rose at half-past seven o'clock. The captain, who was a good churchman, read prayers in the main cabin at eight. They had breakfast at half-past eight. After that, if the weather was fine, the ladies and children sat on deck, the children playing, the ladies knitting, sewing or reading some book from the captain's well-selected library; or, if the weather was foul, these avocations were pursued in the cabin.

Gertrude, who was an accomplished reader, sometimes read aloud while others knitted or sewed.

Often she made rag-dolls for the children and taught the little ones how to dress them.

And she helped to take care of the babies.

Yes, she was patient and helpful, but she was not strong.

As day after day and week after week passed without a sign of a homeward-bound ship, her heart grew sick with "hope deferred." She grew paler, thinner and weaker than before.

But we must leave her on her long voyage and return to Gerald and Geraldine.

CHAPTER VI.

"OLD COALS SOON KINDLE."

We left Doctor Goodwin and Miss Fitzgerald seated on the deck of the *Europa*, in the Cove of Cork, where the steamer lay at anchor, waiting for the Irish mail—with the last letters and passengers from London—the same mail that poor Gertrude had missed by just five minutes.

It was now late in the afternoon, and they had had luncheon, and returned to the deck to gaze upon the same beautiful scene by sunset which they had first beheld by sunrise.

Gerald, who had gone on shore in the morning had not yet come back.

The Irish mail arrived at six o'clock. With this mail and with the last passengers Gerald returned to the ship. He did not approach Geraldine, but went directly down to his stateroom.

Half an hour afterward the ship sailed.

Doctor Goodwin and Miss Fitzgerald remained seated on the deck, conversing in a low tone, and gazing on the beautiful shores of the "Green Isle," in the golden glory of the setting sun, and the silver radiance of the rising moon; for these two luminaries were on the verge of the horizon at the same moment; but the sun was setting behind the western hills of Ireland, and the moon was rising from the waves of the channel, in the east.

The two friends sat there until the last light of the sun had faded out of the west, and the rays of the moon were streaming down upon the sea.

Then Gerald Fitzgerald joined them, and stood leaning over the bulwarks, looking far out to sea.

Doctor Goodwin, on seeing his fellow-passenger approach, arose and said:

"Now, that the colonel has made his appearance to look after you, I will retire, my dear. I am rather susceptible of taking cold, and the night air on the sea at this season is rather keen."

"Oh, pray, take care of yourself, Doctor Goodwin! I had no idea that you felt the chill or I would not have permitted you to stay here so long," said Geraldine, quickly; and she thought that no experienced chaperon or maneuvering mamma could have acted with more tact and discretion than this same venerable old doctor of divinity.

But the truth is that Doctor Goodwin *was* afraid of the night air, and he had no other reason for leaving the deck. He bowed and withdrew.

"Gerald, here is a seat. Do sit down," said Geraldine, as soon as the old man was out of sight.

Colonel Fitzgerald turned, bowed and took the place she indicated.

"Gerald, what are you thinking about?" she inquired, with solicitude.

"I *beg* your pardon?" said Colonel Fitzgerald, interrogatively, as if he had not heard her.

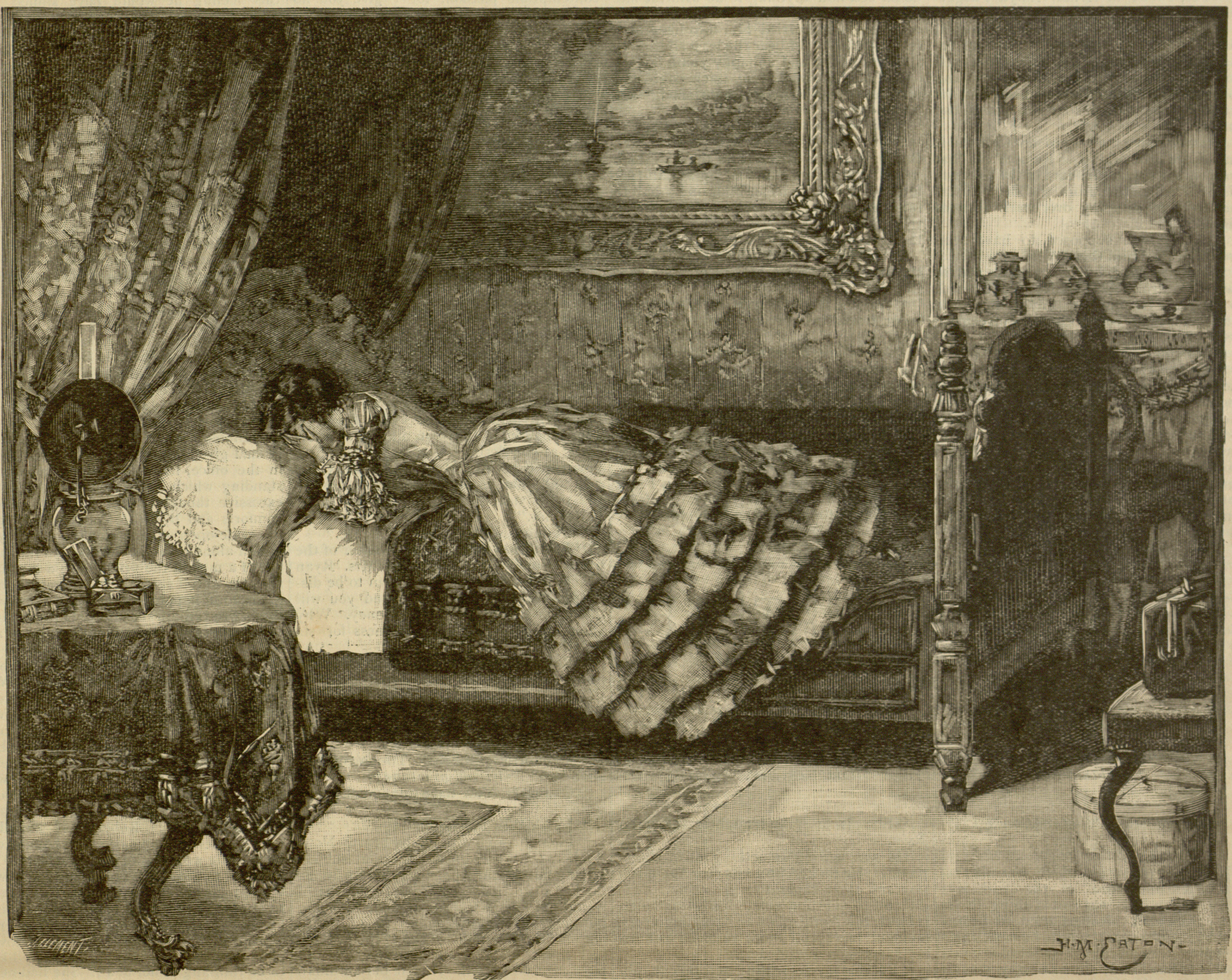
"You are always dreaming, Gerald. What are you dreaming of?" she earnestly inquired.

"Geraldine, there is always a scene before my mind's eye that I cannot banish if I would. No, nor however painful and even agonizing it may be to me, that I *would* banish if I could. It is the scene of my wife's death beneath the waves of that red sea lighted up by the flames of the burning ship," he sadly and sternly replied.

"Gerald, this is morbid. Think how many men—fifty men at the lowest computation—have lost wives or children or sisters or mothers by that woeful disaster. Suppose all of them should brood over their trouble as you do over yours?"

"Geraldine, fifty men—no, nor five men ever left their wives or mothers or children to perish as I left mine," he answered, in bitter sorrow.

"Oh, Gerald, Gerald, Gerald, my betrothed no longer, but my dearest friend and cousin still, you wrong yourself, you do indeed! You wrong yourself most cruelly! You did not leave her to perish! She was killed by an accident before my very eyes!



GERALDINE THREW HERSELF ON THE BED AND BURST INTO A TORRENT OF TEARS.

I saw her killed before I called out to you for help. It is an awful, horrible thing to tell you, and it was a more horrible thing to see, but I saw the back of her head crushed like an egg-shell by a blow from that plank you struck out of my hand! I saw that she was dead before I called for assistance! And I had a right to your assistance, Gerald, for you had inadvertently stricken my only support from under me, and I was drowning by your act.”

“If I could only believe that, Geraldine, it might mitigate my remorse, though it could not soothe my sorrow,” he answered.

“Do you then presume to doubt my word?”

“Most certainly I do not doubt your veracity; but I may doubt the evidence of your senses, as I should doubt that of my own,” answered Colonel Fitzgerald.

“You are morbid, Gerald. Oh, that I could bring you to a healthier frame of mind!”

“Geraldine, do not trouble yourself with me. I am not worth your care,” he answered moodily.

“Gerald, I know, of course, that all is over between us; that we never can be more than friends and cousins; but still we are too near kin, too dear friends, to make it possible for me to look upon your suffering and not suffer with you; to feel so helpless to help you and not—”

Here poor, proud Geraldine broke down and burst into tears. Nay, more, she dropped her head upon his shoulder and wept bitterly.

“Let me lead you to your stateroom, Geraldine; you would be better there,” said Colonel Fitzgerald, rising and thus depriving her of support on his shoulder.

“Thanks, no, sir. I do not need assistance. I need self-recollection more, for I have forgotten myself I think,” she answered haughtily, as she arose and walked off.

Colonel Fitzgerald followed her to the head of the companion-ladder and saw her down into the ladies’ cabin in safety, and then he returned to his seat with distraction added to his sorrows.

“Poor girl! I shall be glad for her sake when this voyage is over,” he said to himself; for it seemed to him then that the death of Gertrude had extinguished the last lingering spark of affection that he had left in his heart for Geraldine, and that he loved Gertrude in her ocean grave more than he had ever loved Geraldine in all the pride of her life and beauty. Was he mistaken in himself? Time will show.

As he sat there ruminating, a strange drowsiness stole over him. He resisted the sensation and roused himself several times, but always relapsed into slumber, until, in a very short time, he fell fast asleep. Then a strange thing happened to him. He had a dream, which was more like a vision than a dream.

He thought that he was still sitting on the after-deck of the *Europa*, gazing moodily out upon the moonlit sea, when softly glided to his side the form of Gertrude, his drowned wife.

“Gerald,” she murmured, “I have been standing by your side so long trying to speak to you. Gerald, neither life nor death can separate those who truly love each other. I have come to you in this way, Gerald, as I can only come to you now, to pray you to save yourself and me; to let no false pity nor policy nor any other motive tempt you to raise an impassable barrier between us. I am praying you to wait for me, Gerald. Wait for me! I am hastening to you in the—”

The vision vanished and the voice sank into silence before the sentence was completed, and Gerald Fitzgerald woke up to find that he had been dreaming.

Yet the dream impressed him as deeply and remained with him as long as if it had been a reality.

The sweet, pathetic face had seemed so natural; the gentle, tender voice so familiar.

“Oh, my dove-eyed darling! Oh, my lost angel! Shall I never see your meek brown eyes again—never hear your dulcet tones? No, no, no! I never, never shall, neither in this world nor in the world to come, for a gulf as wide as separated Dives from Lazarus must divide me from your pure and loving spirit!” he groaned within himself, as he left his seat and paced the deck in restlessness of soul.

He saw no more of Geraldine until he met her at the tea-table, attended by Doctor Goodwin.

She seemed then to have recovered her equanimity.

Their voyage across the Atlantic passed without any event, except the snow-storm that overtook them just as they were entering New York harbor. This was the same snow-storm in which the unfortunate captain of the *Zanzibar*, then on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, lost his reckoning and ran upon the island of ice. But the *Europa*, being three days ahead of the *Zanzibar*, was safe in the harbor of New York when the full force of the storm broke.

The ship reached her pier about nine o’clock that night.

Colonel Fitzgerald, leaving Doctor Goodwin to look after Geraldine and to get their baggage through the custom-house, hastened to the railway station of the New York and Washington lines, to ascertain when the first train would leave for the South.

He was told that the last train for that night had just started and that there would not be another until six o’clock the next morning.

He went back to the steamer with this news, and then took his party to the old Astor House as the most convenient for their purposes.

“Now, of course, I shall have to hasten down to Virginia with all possible expedition. I must leave by the first morning train for Washington, which starts at six o’clock,” said Colonel Fitzgerald, as he seated himself at the small supper-table with his party in their private parlor in the hotel. “But I need not hurry or inconvenience you or Miss Fitzgerald. If you or if Geraldine should prefer to stop in New York for a few days—”

“I thank you, Gerald,” interrupted his cousin; “I prefer to go directly home.”

“And so do I, Fitzgerald,” added the good doctor. “The very same interest that takes you in such a hurry to Virginia takes me also. I am as anxious to hear the communication of the dying woman Magdala, or—what is her barbarous name?—Clea Phara, as you can be.”

“Yes, but the woman declares that she will not divulge the secret to any one but me,” objected Colonel Fitzgerald.

“And very properly, since she also declares that this secret affects the honor of the Fitzgeralds! But for all that, if it should seriously relate to the rights of property or the identity of the heiress, in that cause which you and I have had so much at heart, I think, Gerald, that the secret must be made public.”

“Of course, of course, Doctor Goodwin. The ends of justice must be served at any cost of feeling. Yet remember that I have neither knowledge nor suspicion of what this woman’s secret relates to. I often think it is nothing more than the hallucination of a diseased mind, or, rather, I often should think so if I did not remember how the hearing of it hastened my father’s death. I know not what it can be. I confess to some considerable curiosity and impatience to meet this woman face to face and hear what she has got to tell me.”

“If the question is a fair one, may I ask what you are both talking about?” inquired Miss Fitzgerald, who had been a silent auditor of the conversation.

“Yes, Geraldine, we are talking of that communication which the wandering maniac, whom we knew as Magdala, made to my father on his death-bed—”

“And which was said to have accelerated his death?”

“Yes; the woman Magdala, or rather the gipsy Clea Phara, is now on *her* death-bed, and wishes to make a clean breast of it to me.”

“This secret which she has boasted, if given to the public, would pull down the ‘unsoiled plume’ of Fitzgerald to the dust?” inquired Geraldine, with a sorrowful smile.

“Yes, I suppose so!”

“I defy her or any one else to divulge anything which can do that! And I am amazed, Gerald, that you should be so credulous as to believe such a statement.”

“Yet you and I know that there is one sealed page in our family history.”

“You refer to Arthur Lloyd Fitzgerald, the son of your father’s elder brother?”

"Yes, I refer to Arthur Lloyd Fitzgerald, my cousin."

"That romantic, quixotic boy, who had his head turned by reading piratical romances, and who ought to have been well flogged for his mad caper, instead of being so solemnly and terribly punished as he was. But what has his fate to do with the case under discussion?"

"It may have nothing to do with it; it may have everything. Remember that nothing has ever been heard of the lad since his reckless escape from the sloop-of-war *Samaria*, by jumping overboard at midnight."

"But he was supposed to have been drowned, then and there."

"Yes, *supposed*, but not ascertained to have been drowned. I confess that it seems to me that trouble can only come to the family through some circumstance connected with him."

"Did you ever know him, Gerald?"

"No; he was full fifteen years my senior. He was sent to sea at the age of fourteen, and at the age of seventeen entered into the mad conspiracy that ended in his ruin. It was a romantic boy's freak, nothing more; but it ruined him and brought his parents to the grave. Yes, my father inherited the Summit Manor through the domestic tragedy in his elder brother's family. And if the secret that the gipsy woman told Maurice Fitzgerald on his death-bed had anything to do with the fate of Arthur Lloyd, it is no wonder that in his weak state it hurried him into his grave, for he never could bear the least allusion to that misguided and unhappy youth."

"No. I know that my uncle could not endure to hear his name mentioned. His name—

> 'Was banished from each tongue and ear,
> Like words of wantonness and fear.'

But come! If we are to take the six o'clock morning train we must be up at half-past four. It will take us an hour and a half to take breakfast, get ready and reach the train. So I will bid you good night," said Geraldine, rising and leaving the room.

As soon as she had locked herself in, all the cool composure of her manner vanished.

Geraldine threw herself on the bed and burst into a torrent of tears, exclaiming passionately:

"How hard he is to me! How hard! How hard! How hard to me whom he used to love so madly! But he loves the memory of that girl in the bottom of the sea more than he ever loved me. Well, *she is* in the bottom of the sea, at least, and can never come back to trouble me again. And as for my Gerald, my betrothed, whom she took from me, I will win him yet! I will bring him to my feet! It may take time, but I will triumph!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 35.]

GIRLS OF A FEATHER.*

A NEW YORK STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "The Beads of Tasmer," "The Mate of the 'Easter Bell,'" "Jan Vedder's Wife," "Friend Olivia," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV—*(Continued.)*

"IF WILL WERE ONLY HERE!"

THEN the walk which was the ostensible cause of the visit was taken. It was not a thing to be repeated. Robert tried to be interested, Ambrosia tried to be amusing; but when a man has a medical-science paper on his mind, how can any woman charm him, charm she never so wisely? Ambrosia saw that all her bright sayings lost their wit in the unresponsive mental atmosphere. They were not seen through at all, or they were recognized so late as to have lost their point, or they were taken seriously and disputed.

Also the east wind rose and the dust came in unpleasant swirls. It blinded their eyes and soiled Ambrosia's delicate cloth costume. It looked a long way home. A cab seemed better than the walk back again. Ambrosia said so, and Robert gladly indorsed the opinion. "The wind is so unpleasant," he added, in excuse, and Ambrosia answered:

"It is. Every second girl you meet is holding her hat on. The walk has been a failure."

And she felt cross at the failure, though it was but a natural sequence. Who can bring back a pleasure when the time for it has been outlived? Does the violet expect a second spring, or the rose try to renew its June in September? Only men and women fancy they may recapture the glory of their first day of love by such mechanical aids as visiting the same scenes or doing the same things. The ride home was silent. Robert was trying to catch the thread of an argument Ambrosia's entrance had broken; and Ambrosia was thinking of the girl Meta watching her husband's face for the words she was to transcribe, and perhaps even more of that rapid, intelligent glance which St. Ange had sent through her eyes into her heart, making it quake with an angry apprehension.

Dinner did little to relieve the tension. St. Ange was present, and each had an unshared thought to preoccupy his or her mind. All Ambrosia's remarks, however witty or wise, were like words out of season. St. Ange let them drop—perhaps purposely. The doctor made spasmodic efforts to appreciate at least their intent, and then there was again a pause. When St. Ange left, Ambrosia had become reckless. Right time or wrong time, she was determined to know all about the girl in the laboratory.

"Who is that girl I saw in your office this afternoon, Robert? You never named her to me."

"She is a granddaughter of Mrs. Ryan's."

He was writing something on a slip of paper. He looked up to answer the question and then began to write again. It is difficult to question a man lost in an alien subject, but Ambrosia was becoming every moment more and more resolved to have her suspicions attended to.

"Put down your writing and talk to me, Robert. I am curious about the girl. How did you come to know her?"

He answered with some vexation:

"Oh, in the most natural way in the world. I advertised for a stenographer. I told Mrs. Ryan that I had done so, and that there might be a number of persons to see me between five and six o'clock about the position. She said instantly she had a granddaughter staying with her who was an expert and out of employment, and would I please give her a trial. The girl was there ready to begin work. I tried her all day and found her singularly satisfactory. Indeed, I might seek New York through and not come across another woman, or even man, so quick to catch my ideas and so able to transfer them. I consider Meta a great help, a find, a treasure in her duties."

"Why did you not tell me about her?"

"I never thought it would concern or interest you. I have changed my boy four times since Peterhoff first opened the office for you. I never thought of telling you I had done so."

"This girl is different."

"No. She is simply a part of my business arrangements. You do not interest yourself about them. The office has been refurnished. I never told you of that change. I have a variety of new instruments, retorts, etc. I have a new clerk in the lower office. I never told you of these changes. Meta is of the same kind."

"Robert, I wish you would get a man in Meta's place. I will tell you the truth: I am unhappy to have any woman so near to you—a pretty young woman, too."

"Now you are jealous, Amber; and it is a contemptible passion, because I give you no cause—not the slightest."

"I am jealous. I confess it, Robert. How would you like some handsome man sitting with me hours at a time, watching my eyes and my lips for every word I speak?"

"Has not the delightful St. Ange been with you constantly, playing to your playing, singing to your singing, dancing with you, reading with you?"

"I would have been better pleased if you had objected to such familiarity. I hate the man. I took precious good care that he was never alone with me. If you are jealous—I repeat your own words—it is a contemptible passion, for I give you no cause, not the slightest."

"I have not accused you. I do not object to St. Ange being with you. I have perfect confidence in you. Give me the same honorable privileges I give you."

"I wish you did accuse me. I wish you loved me well enough to be afraid of my love, to be careful and grudging a little of my society. If you will insist on having this girl, in spite of my entreaties to dismiss her, then you must keep her with the knowledge that you make me miserable in doing so."

"Amber, there is a line of limitations even between a man and his wife—points a husband is not called upon to yield—points a wife may lawfully hold sacredly personal. I make that line at my office door. Whatever touches my profession is sacredly personal to me. I will be the sole judge of its propriety. I will not allow even you to alter or to advise or to interfere in any way."

"I shall dismiss Mrs. Ryan to-morrow."

"You will do precisely as you wish in all household arrangements. The house is your kingdom. In it you may be as autocratic as you desire. You may remember, however, that Mrs. Ryan is hired by the year and that you must pay her wages to the 1st of next March, whether you keep her or not."

"To-morrow she leaves my house."

"To-morrow you will think better of the case. You will tell yourself Mrs. Ryan would like nothing better than to be dismissed with her full wages, and you will make her stay and earn her money. Why should you keep her in idleness for six months?"

"Robert! Dear Robert! Send Meta away—just to please me! Say it is a whim of mine—an unreasonable whim, if you like—but do send her away!"

"When she has done the work for which I hired her."

"To-morrow, Robert! To-morrow! I shall be ill! I shall go insane!"

"Oh, no! You have too much good sense."

"I wish Will was here!"

"I wish he was, with all my heart. Now, Amber, I have a most important subject on my mind, and I positively refuse to be further disturbed. I can tell you that I would not have left it for any human being but yourself, this afternoon. No, I would not. If the President of the United States had asked me to walk with him, I would have excused myself. No one but a woman and wife would have put herself and her pleasure before such universal interests as now occupy my mind."

"You should have told me about the 'universal interests.' And, perhaps, a little confidence and explanation might have made Meta more endurable."

"'Confidence and explanation' is a new fad with you, as regards my office. You never asked it before."

"In your office arrangements there was never a pretty young woman before, that I knew of. But I shall never call for you any more."

"I hope you will not, Amber. Outside my office and my work, I am your devoted lover and friend. That ought to content any reasonable wife."

"And Meta is to be your companion in your work. No reasonable wife would submit to such conditions."

"The girl Meta is but an implement. You may as well be jealous of my lancets and microscopes, my pens, ink and paper. I will discuss the subject no longer. It is a very silly subject, as I understand it."

Then he lifted some books and went with them to the library, and Amber sat still in the lonely splendor of the drawing-room. She was not very jealous, but she burned with the idea that her servants were aware of the position, and that the vulgarity of their natures would lead them to conclude she was deserted by her husband for a girl of their own class. Meta had doubtless told her grandmother of Mrs. Carter's visit to the office, and Amber was sure the girl divined, not only her suspicions, but also the doctor's reluctance to leave his work. She imagined all that St. Ange would imply by his lifted eyebrows and his deprecating smiles. She felt certain, at that very moment, the kitchen forces were aware that the doctor had gone to the library, because he had quarreled with her about the girl Meta. She had been wounded by the hand that should have upheld her, wounded for the laughter and triumph of her servants, men and women. This was the bitterness of the trial.

Yet it is but fair to say that Robert never thought of his refusal in this light. Men are incapable of feeling these small stings and slings of wrong, and they cannot comprehend the cruel piercing hurt they inflict on women. If Ambrosia had explained this feeling he would have smiled and said: "My dear wife, what can it possibly matter to you how your servants talk or what they think of you? Send them away if they annoy you." The housekeeper's calm look of triumph; the housemaid's insolent flip with the feather-brush; the little scornful laugh with which two talking servants separated on her approach. A score of such contemptible signs of vulgar triumph were evident to Ambrosia; but they were of that cruel class of wrongs which can never be spoken of. The giver of them is panoplied by their very doubtfulness and insignificance. They could be denied, and then how foolish would the complainer appear? They could be imputed to another source or motive, and then who would like to be put in the position of appropriating insults not intended for them?

In these sorrowful days the thought of Will Carter continually haunted Ambrosia. If only Will had been at her side! Will was not too great and wise to understand the trifles that make up a woman's joy or misery. She could have talked to Will about the servants and about St. Ange's indefinable airs of sympathy. For since he had given her that look of intelligence in the office, he had assumed an understanding which he expressed by sighs, by excessive thoughtfulness for her personal comforts and by a sad, condoling look in his wide-open compassionate dark eyes. When alone with her, he affected the manner of a man in the presence of a crushing sorrow; and if she resented this attitude by a show of happiness, then he smiled with that sorrowful appreciation, which is given to a brave heart dissembling its wrongs and suffering.

If Will would only come! Will would notice this covert impertinence. Will would understand her grave annoyance at such behavior. Will would find some way of making Robert respect her feelings both about St. Ange and the girl Meta. Robert was different. He had that large, intense character which can only occupy itself with facts. Ambrosia had always found her complaints of St. Ange's officiousness treated with indifference. Robert had smiled at her supersensitiveness or said what a prejudiced little woman she was or assured her he was not one of those husbands who wanted her to prove her love for him by treating all other men badly; or he might be a bit scornful and remind her how great a favorite St. Ange was with many lovely young ladies, and, therefore, hardly likely to be thinking of her at all. She had never been able to rouse the least suspicion or annoyance at St. Ange's ways; and really his offenses were things not easily explainable. If put into words, they sounded trivial enough to provoke a smile. And Robert was so accustomed to arguing only from strict certainties that smiles, looks and even words, which might be taken in a great many senses, appeared to him hardly worthy of notice.

If Will would only come! She remembered now often, sadly enough, how little she had valued Will's devotion; how often she had made him feel that his effusive affection was a little of a bore. She recalled now, with an irrepressible gasp of shame, how often Will had gone away from her presence to his comforting organ with his cheeks flushed with wounded love and his eyes full of tears, called there by her scornful acceptance of some brotherly offering or some pitiless criticism of his personal appearance. But if he would only come again, she would never more wound his kind heart. She could tell Will all. She knew Will would fight her battles, small or great. How often he had stayed from the "meetings" in which he delighted, only to please her! How often he had silenced his organ because she was nervous! How often, how very often, he had forgotten his own desires in gratifying hers! His absence had taught her his value. When he came back, she would love and trust him, as he deserved to be loved and trusted.

Alas! This good resolution was among the many good ones that come too late. Will had found a new love—an absorbing love—a love to which his sisterly love for Ambrosia was as the dawn is to the noonday. Will had met Louisa Madison, and Louisa had appreciated, at their full value, qualities which Ambrosia had held so cheaply.

CHAPTER XV.

WILL'S MARRIAGE.

> Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
> —*Shakespeare.*

> An thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt
> take cold shortly.
> Every time
> Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.
> —*Shakespeare.*

It was Bessie's doing, of course. Ambrosia had divined truly enough the trend of Bessie's intentions, for they were very

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natural ones. Her own love affairs being so definitely and delightfully fixed, why should she not attend a little to the love affairs of others? And as the circle of her acquaintances in England was limited, she thought at once of Louisa and then of Will Carter, and she resolved to be an angel to them.

It gave her some trouble. She had to find out the whereabouts of James and his bride and sister, and when this was done, to look after Will. It was her plan to bring all to Ambleside about the middle of August. The beauty of the English lakes in that month was excuse enough; and as she was a positive and persistent correspondent, she managed to get her way, with such a slight variation as turned out to be propitious to her intentions. The Texas party was on time. Will Carter was behind it. But Louisa gladly accepted Bessie's invitation to remain with her, and let James and Azalia pursue travel alone.

"And I call your invitation a godsend," said Louisa, "for if there is a purgatory on earth it is the constant society of the freshly married. Azalia thinks the world was made for James and herself, and she is astounded if every one else does not also think so. The way they 'my loved' and 'my darlinged' one another gave me a nausea. I hope I shall have a little common decency if I ever do take a wedding trip."

"I noticed their 'enwrapped' condition," said Bessie, scornfully. "The creatures are abnormal. No ordinary fools are quite as much fools as James and Azalia are."

"They are going to Switzerland first."

"Let us hope the hotel bills and the glaciers may turn their conversation from 'I' and 'we' a little."

"They never bought me any dresses or fal-fals. I expected James to be selfish. But Azalia was selfish also. However, women have as much right to be selfish as men have."

"Certainly; but a woman honors her right most by waiving it. That is what I think. I had a letter from Will Carter this afternoon. I am glad he did not come while the bride and bridegroom occupied all Windermere and the boats and the beauties thereof. Will is not selfish. He is real good every way."

"I hope he is not handsome. I am worn out with handsome men."

"Will is not considered handsome."

"Is he tall?"

"No. Will is of medium height, but he walks lightly. He is animated and frankly American. His face does not take shadows, and there is such a light in his eyes that you never notice how he looks nor yet how he is dressed."

"But I dare say he will notice how we are dressed."

"Indeed he will! He has been used to living with well dressed women. I do not mean with women 'upholstered' by their modistes in satin or tweed in blue or green, but women artistically and suitably robed."

"What time will he arrive?"

"About nine this evening. So you can make a fine evening toilet for a first appearance."

"And I need not disappoint uncle. I promised to go on the lake with him this afternoon."

"Even if you do that, I would prepare for the unexpected. Wear that pretty boating-dress you had made in London for Henley. Will might happen earlier. All men have uncertainties."

The provision turned out to be a wise one. When Louisa returned to the little pier, after two hours char-fishing, she saw Bessie waiting there for her. By Bessie's side stood a slight young man, who, even at a distance, impressed an observer with the idea of gentlemanly good-nature. He was holding Bessie's parasol and talking merrily to her. As the boat came close to land, the sound of their voices and their low laughter rippled and mingled with the ripple and plash of the water from the dripping oars; and as soon as Will saw there was a lady in the boat, his first natural instinct was to assist her.

With a pleasant: "Excuse me," to Bessie, he was at the boat-edge and holding out his hand to Louisa, even while he was greeting Mr. Madison. Louisa laid her hand in Will's hand; their eyes met; then Will's fell to the slight gangway on which Louisa's feet were cautiously stepping. They were lovely feet, exquisitely dressed in silk stockings of gendarme blue, met by dark-blue shoes with straps across the instep.

As soon as these pretty, hesitating feet had set themselves safely upon dry land, Bessie went to her cousin's side and introduced Will Carter to her. That ceremony was all that was necessary. In another moment, Will was holding Louisa's parasol and talking to the lovely water-nymph; for Louisa had the special charm of putting men thoroughly at ease by simply allowing them to do all and say all there was to do and say. She gave herself up to Will as it were—allowed him to wipe a few drops of water from her blouse with his silk kerchief, took the side of the road he suggested, let him carry on the conversation, accepting all his opinions and encouraging him to give them with the sweetest of smiles and the most kindly glances from her dark eyes.

Will thought the walk from the pier to the hotel an absurdly short one. This delightful girl in a gendarme-blue Henley suit, with its corn-colored blouse, charmed him. Never before had he felt so much at his ease with a stranger. Perhaps for the first time in all his life he had a sense of having done himself complete justice. The calmness of Louisa had permitted him to be calm, to keep his speech, his hands, his feet, all well in control. He had said nothing foolish; he had done nothing he wished undone.

"She is the most delightful girl I ever met in my life," he said, with a happy confidence, to Bessie.

"She has fine eyes," answered Bessie.

"She has divine eyes! So soft and tender! It is a joy to look at them!"

"And that hat of blue drawn lisse, with its flowers of shaded blue, is vastly becoming above them. Louisa looks well in that shade of blue."

But when evening came, and Louisa appeared at dinner in a gown of thin brown canvas, worn over an amber-silk petticoat, with sleeves of amber silk and plastrons to match, and amber combs in her black hair, Will suffered a fresh enchantment. He sat at the side of this goddess, and she charmed him anew every moment. If he ate anything, he was not aware of the act. His eyes and ears usurped his consciousness. And yet Louisa spoke very little, only enough to set Will talking. Her *rôle* was to listen and look interested. She had only to smile and look in Will's face and lift her large, expressive eyes to his small gray ones, and Will was both praised for what he had said and encouraged to go on. At the end of the evening, Louisa had said hardly anything; nods and wreathed smiles and pretty interjections represented her conversation; but Will told Bessie he had "never met a more sensible or entertaining woman."

And yet Will had been intimate with the brilliant Ambrosia and with the learned Miss Radway. He had known many ladies who wrote novels and others who wrote social essays. He had visited the poetess of the era and sat at the feet, figuratively, of all who in any way interpreted the genius and aspirations of the dying nineteenth century. And with all these guides and gauges of intellect to school his judgment, Will Carter said, in very earnest, of Louisa Madison: "She is the most sensible and entertaining woman I ever met."

For it is a fact that if girls would only learn to "efface themselves," they would find it an easy way to be sensible and entertaining, and there would be fewer flirtations and a great many more marriages. Louisa only did naturally what any self-restraining girl can do artificially. She really liked to dress herself beautifully, and receive, without either mental or physical effort, the entertainment provided for her. He was equally tired of the mental gymnastics of intellectual women and the tiresome games of physical-culture women. She was an inexpressible rest to Will. He was glad to hear Louisa say that, if she had to play lawn-tennis long, it would give her a tennis "brain" as well as the "elbow" and "knee" trouble it is accountable for. She looked charming in his eyes when she thought "a tennis-woman a queer study of the nineteenth century humanity;" when she could not admire "women who do their athletics in public;" when she was not sure that she admired athletic young women at all; when she disliked even the leather belts girls now affected, "because a ribbon belt looks so much more feminine." It pleased him to hear her say she really could not bear to buckle her waist in evil-smelling leather. "Odious!" How then could he avoid looking again at the pretty slim waist, girdled with a blue cestus, that Venus herself might have worn?

It must not be supposed that all these views came at one time from Louisa. They were a code of opinions, formed slowly in her own mind and not wastefully enunciated. They lasted her a long time, and Will was amazed at the consistency of Louisa's mind. "She had some fixed ideas," he proudly told himself, and these ideas, fortunately, all fitted into his own. And then he compared her modest way of suggesting her opinions and listening to his opinions with the confident, airy satisfaction of the average clever girl of New York.

"Louisa has no self-consciousness," he thought, "and most of the brilliant women I have met seem to talk before their looking-glass. Bessie often gives me that impression—so does Ambrosia—so does every one but Louisa."

In the presence of this unique and satisfactory companion, a month went away like a happy dream. The life led was regular and blissful. Mr. Madison went fishing every possible day and came home in the evening to his dinner, full of enthusiasm about the people and the country. Bessie had John's apparently endless letters to answer. She was a little vain of the quires and quires of adoration she received. Already she regarded herself as a married woman and put on those airs of severe reservation, common to neophytes in the holy state of matrimony. She treated Louisa and Will very much in a maternal spirit. Her attitude was a satisfactory "go and be happy my children." And Will and Louisa took the tacit permission with joy and gratitude. They wandered among the laurel walks and sailed upon the lakes and set their dream of love in natural and romantic beauties, that had no comparison elsewhere.

One lovely night in early September, they were in Grasmere, at the Prince of Wales Hotel. After dinner was over, Mr. Madison being very weary with a day's trout-fishing, fell asleep; and Bessie sat down to read and answer the letters delayed and on time, which the mail had just brought her. Then Will said to Louisa:

"Come, let us go to the famous Wishing Gate."

She rose with a smile. The moon was at the full; the air was just chill enough to give an excuse for the white fleecy wraps, in which she looked lovelier than ever; and Bessie smiled on their departure, with the manner of one, who amid her own important interests, had still a watchful care over theirs. Down the old Roman road they went slowly, hand in hand, to the Wishing Gate. Bessie had talked to Louisa about the magic spot, and told her she must be sure of her desire, because whatever she longed for on that spot would certainly come to pass. Then Bessie, who had a nice little imagination of her own, though well in control, began to speculate about the thousands and hundreds of thousands who had stood upon the fair ground and asked for their heart's desire. And she lifted the hotel "Wordsworth" and made Louisa read how—

"Even the stranger from afar,
Reclining on the moss-grown bar,
Unknowing and unknown;
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his beloved; who makes
All happiness her own."

So Louisa was well prepared for the mystical glamour of the scene. And, oh, how fair it was! The moonlight invested everything with an ineffable beauty. Will was silent. Louisa had no desire to speak. They leaned upon the bar and whispered to the genius of the spot their wishes, and felt all the charm which indulgent centuries had woven thrill their hearts.

And so it happened that the genius was propitious, for as they lingered by the bar, Will put his wish to the test, and got it. Then it transpired that Louisa had wished as Will had wished; and that in granting Will's wish she also granted her own.

Then Will had another wish. Why should not the promise be made perfect upon ground so auspicious? That very day they had visited Grasmere Church and sat among its "crowded pillars" and under its ancient roof, upheld—

"By naked rafters intricately crossed."

They had read together the admonitory texts inscribed upon its walls, and marveled a little at the "winged heads of rudely painted cherubim." And Will, whose soul was sweetest when it soared loftiest, had been strangely touched and pleased to see Louisa, as she entered the church, silently fall upon her knees to keep the charge inscribed above the portal:

"Whoever thou art that enterest this church,
leave it not
Without one prayer to God for thyself; for those
Who minister and for those who worship here."

And in the making of this one prayer Will and Louisa came very closely and tenderly together, kneeling side by side at the oaken bench in the nave.

So Will had taken a strange fancy for the old church of St. Oswald. He felt that marriage would be a very sweet and sacred thing in it, and just as soon as he obtained Louisa's promise to be his wife, he asked:

"Why not, then, in Grasmere Church?"

Louisa was not able to find any reasons worth considering against Will's urgent arguments for his own way. He had always disliked show weddings. He thought marriage ought to be a sacred personal matter. Nothing would delight him so much as a quiet eight-o'clock-in-the-morning ceremony, with the rector and clerk, Mr. Madison and Bessie as its witnesses. They could have a family breakfast at nine, and take the ten o'clock train for London. And at London they could decide upon their future movements.

All this perfect plan had come in one drift of thought to Will, after the Wishing Gate had given him his wish. It is the usual way—one favor, and then another to bind it. Louisa had, however, few objections. If affairs took a conservative course, she must either be married from Bessie's house in New York or from her father's house in Texas. Bessie would be the ruling spirit in New York. Alphonse and Margaret were in possession in Texas. In either case there would be a certain amount of dictation and deference. An informal marriage would at once make her her own mistress. No one could dictate to her about wedding presents and dresses and meddlesome, disagreeable bridemaids. These thoughts and kindred ones passed rapidly through her mind as Will urged his plan, and when he ceased his persuasive arguments she was ready to answer:

"Dear Will, whatever pleases you most pleases me most."

Bessie, upon being taken into council, screwed up her pretty face and looked at first very dissenting. But as Will reiterated his arguments, she was busy with some of her own, which fitted very well into Will's. It would rather detract from the *éclat* of her own wedding to have Louisa's in New York. Whether Louisa's was before or after hers, there would be comparisons. Then it would be a little "stunner" to Ambrosia to find that her inseparable Will, her obedient Will, had got married without even a word of advice or permission from her. No one could deny that Ambrosia had acted as if she owned both her husband and her husband's brother. No one could deny that Ambrosia was awfully patronizing. Will's sudden marriage would be a little lesson for her. Women have no special ill-will in such thoughts. They simply like to get ahead of one another. Men do the same.

So the wedding took place, and was as fortunate in all respects as the wooing had been. It was such a day as September sometimes gives, serene and bright. The sunshine flooded the ancient altar and the rector's white vestments and the kneeling bride and the bridegroom. The organ welcomed them with a joyful melody, and sent them forth with a triumphant measure. An atmosphere of chastened gladness pervaded every event, and the going-away was only noticeable for its composure and for the general disposition to say: "What a suitable ceremony! What a lovely bride! How sure they are to be happy!"

At the very last moment, as Bessie was kissing the bride good-bye, Will said:

"Bessie, dear, do me one more favor: Write to Ambrosia and tell her. I will write as soon as we reach Paris."

Bessie nodded an acceptance of the commission, and then the train moved, and the affairs of Will and Louisa were entirely in their own hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 35.]

◆◆◆

ONLY A WOMAN'S SHOE.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Only a woman's shoe,
A delicate number three;
Worn, well worn, at the heel and toe,
And buttonless as you see.

'T is a foolish thing, you say,
To treasure with so much care
This shoe and its mate, when hanging near,
Is a jaunty, stylish pair.

A stylish pair? Ah, true;
But dearer to me to-day
Are these that her own fair hands put off
The morn that she went away.

Only a woman's shoe,
That has travelled through the house—
Upstairs and down, and in and out,
As quiet as any mouse.

Pilgrims on deeds of love—
Martyrs to mother care—
Were the little feet that wore these shoes—
Brave little feet and fair.

Go ask the boys and girls
That are lonesome now and sad,
And they'll tell you, with mother about,
How merry they were and glad.

She's been gone a month or more,
And with her the household light;
But this telegram read: "My husband,
dear,
Your wife will be home to-night."

◆◆◆

—A little girl, walking with her father in the Central Park, the other day, saw a little white duck swimming near a majestic swan, and exclaimed: "Oh, pa, look at that little duck with its nurse!"

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TROUBLES, LITTLE AND BIG.

The small faults, the petty troubles, the little irritations, are constantly with us. Great emergencies do not need so much watching as these infinitesimal worries of every-day life; and it is often the case that while our worst trials arise out of circumstances over which we have small control or none whatever, our lesser ones are the product of personal littleness of soul. There is nothing so detrimental to true enjoyment of life, so productive of harm in any community, so injurious to private and public welfare, as jealousy. We do not speak of the all-absorbing reign of the green-eyed monster, the passion which makes man and woman beside themselves, but the microscopical jumps of feeling which would be contemptible for their smallness were they not so successful in destroying peace and comfort.

These things affect all classes without respect to culture or intellectual attainment. The poet POPE was insanely jealous of men who were really beneath his notice. NAPOLEON the Great laid the blame of Waterloo's defeat on GROUCHY and anybody else save himself. Mrs. BROWN'S pleasure at the reception of Mrs. SMITH is spoilt because she thinks herself less noticed than Mrs. JONES; while her husband wonders and is sore because his views on the political situation are not deemed of more account than those of that "blockhead," WARREN.

It would be well if jealousies stopped just here, but do they? Mark the source of heart-burnings; malicious lies or lies savored with truth sufficient to make them doubly dangerous, and you will find them occasioned by bits of spite which breed in a jealous soul.

Certainly this morbid unhealthiness of soul and mind has its effect upon the unfortunate individual. The harboring of these things in the heart effectually destroys character. There is no more pitiable sight than a man of good parts or a woman with a kindly, loving heart who has given way to these flies until they have spoiled the ointment, making it pestiferous instead of a healing balm.

And it is very often the little burdens which become the big burdens because of their daily recurrence. The drop of water is a small thing, but its continuity wears away the stone. A mosquito's bulk is not much compared with the man's whose rest it effectually destroys. More women have died through the mending of socks and endless washing of dishes and daily striving to make ends meet, which met but seldom, than of broken hearts. Nobody writes a story in which the heroine dies gracefully over a heap of ironing; but nature has written them again and again, and we have not always had sight to read them.

The way to keep the flies out of the ointment is simple and easily discovered. We must keep great, big, loving hearts.

Brains do not always help us to avoid ungenerous behavior. Intellectual wealth cannot supply the place of a thoughtful tenderness "by constant watching wise." The daughter who interprets CHOPIN in the parlor while her mother struggles in the kitchen may be clever, a product of this enlightened age, etc., but she is not a true daughter, and her mother's life is being repressed and nipped by the too constant burden.

The divine gift of charity purifies our speech, makes it sweet and loving. It is no longer the cause of distress and pain. That same gift enables us to bear one another's burdens, and thus fulfill the highest law—the law of Him—

> "Who wrought with human hands
> The work of works, the creed of creeds,
> In loveliness of perfect deeds,
> More strong than all poetic thought."

◆

TWO STREET-PICTURES.

We took a young lady from England around our city the other day.

"Why do you need so many drug-stores?" asked she, in some surprise.

The question was puzzling for the moment, because we had not noticed the frequency of these useful establishments. Of course, the answer is, because so many people need drugs. We give more attention to our ailments than formerly, and we have more ailments to give attention to. The wealth of manufacturers of patent medicines and the large number of flourishing drug-stores attest to the fact that we are growing weaker if not wiser.

The great demand is for medicines which build up the digestive and nervous systems. This is first-hand information secured purposely for this editorial from a leading chemist. The moral of street-picture No. 1 is not far to find. It is that people do not sufficiently prevent that which they afterward try to cure—their loss of health. Many pride themselves on their good habits who are intemperate. Truly, they do not get drunk, but they bolt their food only half masticated. They sit at the desk and refrain from sleep *until they accomplish just the same results as the man who is constantly getting drunk.* There are many kinds of excesses, and in condemning some, people practice others.

Street-picture No. 2 was photographed on the mind as instantaneously as the snapshot of a kodak. It was "A Fruit-Stall." What an exposition of our commerce, our freedom of intercourse, the productive energy, the climatic variants and geographical extent of our country is to be noted at fruit-stalls! They are upon every street-corner, generally in charge of some dusky child of sunny Italy, and they teach a great object-lesson. Oranges from Florida, grapes from California, bananas from the southern republics, huckleberries from New England and New Jersey's products vying with those of Long Island.

They told tales of every State in the Union. One could find a splendid text for his discourse upon our nation and its capabilities, by studying this street-picture. Go to Covent Garden, London, and you will find ninety per cent. of the fruits for sale are imported.

The artistic appearance of luscious fruits makes every stall a good subject for artistic skill. And the last but not the least feature of this street picture is that in the eating of these fruits there is great delight.

◆

IN THE LONG BILLOW'S KISS.

From the French of Theophile Gautier,

BY FRANCIS H. SHEPPARD, U. S. N

In the long billow's kiss, the shore
Its sorrow hears;
The dawn in the wild-flower's heart doth pour
Consoling tears;
To the cypress old the evening wind
Sings its sad song;
The turtle-dove unto the pine
Lamenteth long.

When all is still save grief alone,
To the sleeping sea
The moon relates why she has grown
So pale to be.
Old Omar, thy white dome doth seem
To address the sky,
And from the dreaming sky the dream
To God doth fly.

Or dove or dome, or breeze or moon,
Or wave or rose,
Heaven grants each thing below the boon
To tell its woes.
I am alone; there's nothing found
Answers my want,
Except thy voice, lone and profound,
Dark Hellespont!

◆

SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

When the young married couple take up their residence in a boarding-house, it is not unusual for the husband to say: "Oh, well, we went to boarding because my wife didn't like to keep house."

While this may be true in many cases, there are many more when this desire is simply the reflection of the ideas expressed by the man in the case, either before marriage or after it.

Men are quite as unwilling to assume the responsibility of housekeeping as women, and it is scarcely fair to put upon the feminine side of the house whatever blame may attach to a style of living that is the subject of no little sharp criticism. Keeping up an establishment requires a great deal of prudence, good judgment, economy and self-denial, unless in exceptional cases where means are abundant and where there is some person of experience who is able and willing to step in and shoulder the burden of household management.

As a rule, the young man when he marries has made but few definite plans for the maintenance of a family. He may have saved up some money, but his ideas of a home have not, as a rule, crystallized into anything like a definite purpose; and with the not unnatural dread of added responsibilities, he suggests boarding or consents to it with very little urging.

After a while, the question of keeping house is agitated and some steps are taken toward securing a home. During all this time the home might have been growing by easy stages had the young couple been so minded. It is the duty of every young man to put away something every year with the set object of one day securing for himself and his family the home without which life to many people seems scarcely worth living. If the amount of money spent in the few years of boarding were judiciously invested in one of the many practical ways now open to prudent people, homes would be more plentiful than they are now, and the cottage, the individual fireside and the ideal and idealized home would be within the reach of every person of average intelligence and industry.

◆

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, which, without disparaging other corporations, may fairly be characterized as the greatest railroad in the world, has issued a handsome quarto pamphlet, with numerous maps and illustrations, entitled "Pennsylvania Railroad to the Columbia Exposition." This handsome book gives a vivid sketch of the route from New York to Chicago, with descriptive notes of the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Chicago. It is illustrated with views of the beautiful scenery in the Alleghany Mountains, the Horseshoe curve, on the Conemaugh, in the natural gas region, and other interesting points on the line of the route. It gives precise details of the magnificent car service provided for travellers on its express trains. It describes the roadbed, with its four tracks of heavy steel rails imbedded in evenly broken stone ballast, which insure safety, speed and comfort to the traveller. The line of the Pennsylvania Railroad has been undergoing constant improvements. It has been straightened and the heavy grades lowered. Its Philadelphia depot has the largest arch in the world. Every convenience which the modern traveller, accustomed to the utmost promptness and completeness of service, requires or demands is furnished on these luxurious trains. They have reached the acme of railway accommodation, and the only step beyond conceivable would seem to be a noiseless journey through the upper air in air-ships propelled by electricity. We recommend all our readers who are going to the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago to procure copies of the pamphlets issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad. They furnish a complete illustrated guide-book to the Exposition itself, showing all the buildings which every visitor acknowledges to be the greatest part of the great show. These pamphlets can be obtained by addressing Mr. J. R. Wood, G. P. A., Passenger Department, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

◆

THE ACQUISITION OF WEALTH

BY N. S. STOWELL.

While a good deal may, perhaps, be said in justification of the inheritance tax, it may be questioned whether it is not actuated by a spirit of selfishness, jealousy and greed rather than a desire for the actual right in the case.

A successful man usually begins life as a poor boy, rises early, works late, denies himself luxuries, often foregoes comforts, leaving himself only the barest necessities of life. He must do this to get on in the world, for having little to do with, he must, and often does, divert from the needs of his body an amount sufficient to procure the means of study and advancement and the improving of his mind. Gradually he gets the upper hand of fate, as it were, and begins to prosper, then grows rich and finally becomes a rich man. But in the getting of his fortune he has overtaxed himself and some day pays the penalty, leaving an estate upon which assessors, administrators and the public generally seem to think it their legitimate right to prey.

It might be a good and instructive idea to give over for once this view of the subject and dwell upon the energy and ability by means of which the man was enabled to possess such a fortune.

Of late, the rich and successful man has been held up before the public in a most unfavorable light. He is exploited almost as a thief and a robber, and the impression is put out that he has fattened upon some other man's rightful possessions.

In the main this is absolutely untrue and unjust, for it necessarily follows that to gain wealth he has furnished employment to hundreds of persons and has, whether willingly or unwillingly, put bread into the mouths of thousands. There is a great deal of namby-pamby nonsense mixed up with dangerous anarchistic tendencies in this sort of talk. Prudence, forethought, industry, good management and the most thorough individual effort are in the abstract inculcated as cardinal virtues, but, someway or other, when the result of all this is summed up in a large fortune, by some mysterious process of mind and feeling, the value of the product does not come up to expectation. It has in some inexplicable way been metamorphosed into ill-gotten gain, and some of this supposedly ill-gotten gain, which the owner knew enough to acquire and which the law enabled him to retain during his lifetime, must be wrested from the survivors and applied to public purposes. Some way or other, every dollar that can be diverted from the estate of a rich man seems to many to be just so much clear gain. The ridicule, abuse, contempt and general cheapening of the results of energy and perseverance will some day become apparent, and the sentiments and qualities that are and have been the incentive to the accumulation of wealth will fall into disrepute. If to possess property in any amount is illegitimate and blameworthy, it must follow, as a matter of course, that the measures taken and the faculties brought into use in its getting are, to an extent at least, of questionable right. It would seem that when a man by honest industry, hard work and untiring energy has gotten together a goodly fortune, he might at least be permitted to dispose of it as he desires, and when he dies should not have his memory besmirched with statements that give the impression that he had no right to it, and that in some mysterious and unexplainable way he has been a robber and deserves to be remembered among malefactors.

THE CONVICT SHIP.*

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of "Wreck of the Grosvenor," "Jack's Courtship," "Marooned," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SHE DESCRIBES A STORM.

BUT now the storm was approaching, the moon's light was growing weak and the stars over our mastheads dim and spare. The lightning was incessant; its flashes glanced into the remotest recesses of the north and brought out the horizon there in gleams of sulphur. The hum of the thunder was deep and ceaseless, with many savage cracks and rattling peals. I cannot tell what progress the eclipse had made by this hour; the moon hung distorted in the sky like a dim silver shield with its sides hacked, and the night looked wild with her and the gathering tempest.

I heard the commander of the ship address the doctor, who called to the captains of the division to march the prisoners below, and he added that the last of the divisions could not be brought up, as sail was to be reduced and room was wanted. Moreover, in a very short time the moon would have vanished. Now followed a lively time. The prisoners' inclosure being clear, Mr. Bates, at the head of the poop ladder, began to shout out orders; all hands were on deck and all hands were wanted. "Clew up the royals and furl them! Down flying and outer jibs and topgallant staysails! Clew up topgallant sails and furl them! Man fore-clewgarnets and let the sail hang!" So ran the orders; the lightning played upon the figures of the seamen as they trotted aloft; the moon turned a watery, silvery oozing, draining through the film of the advanced shadow of the storm, then vanished behind a jagged peak of cloud, and the night-dye sank upon the ocean in deepest shadow, the deeper for the play of the lightning; after each flash the blackness thrilled with the blindness of the vision.

The women came off the forecastle, and I entered the cuddy. The steward told me to turn up the lights, and Captain Barrett and Lieutenant Chimmo, descending the companion-steps at that moment, called for brandy and seltzer, which I procured for them. The steward bade me be at hand; if there was a gale of wind in the storm, I, with the rest of the "idlers," would be wanted. I hung about in the recess, and all the time I wondered whether the convicts would rise in the morning, whether their friends amongst the crew were to be depended upon; whether this storm of thunder and lightning would work a change in the prisoners' intentions by terrifying them; and I also strove to imagine the programme that had been concerted, what part the confederate seamen were to play; whether the guard would find time to arm and turn out, and, if so, whether the uprising would not be suppressed by their coolness and discipline and by the support of the loyal part of the crew.

The storm was now overhead; the ship was clothed in lightning and the thunder was deafening and frightful. The whole fabric trembled to every explosion as though the broadside of a three-decker had been fired into her. There was no wind. The men had come from aloft, and the ship stood motionless and upright under her three topsails, the courses lying festooned in their gear. I crouched in a corner of the recess, amazed and bewildered. I had always from a child been frightened of lightning, and here now was lightning that was like one vast sheet of flame; the heavens were sheeted with its blinding blaze; it was so continuous that you saw the ship as by sun-shine; the whole vessel crackled with sparks and explosions, fireballs ran down the chain-topsail sheets, played about the pumps, sparkled and snapped on the boom-irons at the yard-arms, and the sea that had been silent roared back in echo to the thunder and spread out in a wide field of blue light that came and went, sometimes showing in a leap of light that was as the flash that it mirrored, then blackening for a breath or two, during which you saw nothing but the fireballs running over the ship.

It rained and hailed suddenly with incredible fury. The decks smoked; by the lightning flashes you saw the spray of the cataractal fall rising like steam to above the height of a man. Just then the ship was struck; I heard a crash and splintering on high, and a great bulb of blue fire fell down the rigging over the side into the sea, where it burst like an exploded cannon. The mate overhead shouted, and the boatswain who was forward bawled in answer.

Captain Barrett and the subaltern stood at the cabin-table; they had emptied their tumblers and put down their cigars, and looked pale and glanced often up at the skylight unto which the lightning steamed in an almost continuous living dazzle. I hung in the cuddy door for shelter from the smoking wet; a head showed in the booby hatch and cried out: "The doctor wants some brandy; bring down half a tumblerful at once." I ran to the table, took a glass from a swing tray, and half filled it with brandy. The steward at that moment coming up through the steerage-hatch called to me: "Hi, you there! What are you about? Liquoring up unbeknown instead of being at your prayers?"

Lieutenant Chimmo grinned dismally.

"The doctor 's in the barracks and wants brandy," said I.

"Curse it, what 's wrong?" exclaimed Captain Barrett, and instantly ran to the booby hatch followed by the subaltern.

"Get on, then, get on!" shouted Mr. Stiles, who had been drinking.

I ran with the brandy to the hatch, and seeing nobody to hand it to, descended. The scene of this interior of bulkheaded steerage was extraordinary; a lantern burnt dimly, its light was paled by the electric fires which sparkled all over the prison bulkhead as though the wood was alive with the phosphoric lights of decay and rot. The bulkhead was studded with mushroom-headed nails, and every nail was tipped with fire. The sight was fearful; I thought the ship was burning. The women and the children were gathered in a heap in one corner, holding to one another, as though the vessel was about to founder; no child cried; the roar of the thunder seemed to have frightened the infants into silence.

A man lay on his back against the prison door, which was a little way open; the doctor bent over him and Captain Barrett and the subaltern stood close looking down. Such of the guard as were below were grouped with the women and children; they seemed dazed. The prostrate man was a soldier; doubtless the sentry stationed at the prison door. His musket with its fixed bayonet lay at a little distance from him, and I saw threads of fire writhing upon the bayonet.

"Here 's the brandy!" cried Captain Barrett.

The doctor looked up, and extended his hand for the glass. This brought me close to the door, and for a minute or two I had a clear view of the 'tween-decks prison. The cage-like barricade at the main-hatch was full of great nails, and every nail glowed as though red-hot. I don't know where the lightning found entrance. It flashed through the blackness of this floating dungeon as if half a dozen hatches lay open to the sky. Wherever there was iron for the electric fires to catch hold of a small blue brilliant blaze was burning, inexpressibly wild and awful to behold. I clearly saw the whole sweep of the deck—the tiers of sleeping shelves stretching on either hand, the tables, the bulkhead of the prison and whatever else there was of grim and odious furniture in that interior. Numbers of the convicts lay motionless upon their faces on the deck; many crouched in squatting postures, with their hands to their heads; a few stood erect, defiant, as though waiting and heedless of what was next to happen. One of these, I might be sure, was Tom.

No imagination could feign the terror which the figures of the prostrate and crouching convicts expressed. You needed to witness the scene, as I did, by the terrific lights that illuminated the prison and by the ceaseless glittering of the lightning streaming through the interior in shocks and explosions of dazzling light. And the roar of the thunder heard in this resonant cavity was more dreadful to listen to than the stupendous voice of it on deck, whilst a deep and ceaseless note was added to the detonations by the Niagara-like fall of hail and rain upon the echoing planks.

"Is he dead, doctor?" asked Captain Barrett.

"No," said the doctor. "Have this door shut, sir, and let another sentry be posted. You can leave the brandy and go," said he to me; on which I returned to the cuddy and stood as before near the doorway.

I believe this terrible storm had reached the height of its rage when the ship was struck. Its fury was now waning, though the soot in the north continued to vomit sheets of flame and the thunder-shocks striking the level of the breathless sea were as the noise of the rending of mountains. I have heard of but one such another storm in which a convict ship bore a part. The vessel was the *Earl Grey*, with two hundred and sixty-four prisoners on board. The year was, I believe, 1842, and the ship was bound, as the *Childe Harold* was, to Van Dieman's Land. Doctor Browning, who was the surgeon-superintendent, mentions the storm in his account of the voyage, but he saw nothing of it, owing to his suffering from an affection of the heart which obliged him to keep his cabin. This I regret, as I should have been glad to know how the prisoners under his charge behaved on that occasion.

It was now about a quarter to eleven; the rain had ceased, but the decks were full of water, which cascaded continuously into the calm sea through the scupper-holes. The captain and his mates kept the poop. I heard the squelch of their tread as they tramped to and fro in their sodden boots. Suddenly an order was shouted, and in a few minutes two or three men came aft, one of them holding a lantern. They gathered about the pump and the second mate left the poop and joined them. I could not see what they did, but after a short interval the second mate went on the poop again, and the men, one of them swinging the lantern, walked forward.

A little clock hung under the break of the poop in the cuddy recess hard by the soldiers' arms; a bull's-eye lamp cast a light upon its face; this lamp was used for heaving the log, for writing up the log-slate and the like, and the clock for keeping the ship's bells. A figure came off the poop to see the time; he was draped in streaming oil-skins which flashed out to the lightning, but his face was so muffled by his sou'-wester, that I looked two or three times before I knew him to be Will. I was still alone in the cuddy; Frank and the steward were probably in the steerage; I took a step or two that carried me to the door and pronounced Will's name.

He drew close and said: "What do you think of this?"

"It is awful," said I.

"It might have been worse than awful," he exclaimed, "the ship has been struck! Luckily the thunderbolt went overboard. Had it gone through the bottom we should have followed it; nothing could have saved us. But it 's all right with the old hooker; the well 's just been sounded again and she 's as dry as a rotten nut."

I looked at him eagerly; my heart all at once grew so full, that I felt I must speak or shriek out; I set my teeth on my lip and bit till I tasted blood, and clenched my hands till my arms stiffened as though I had been poisoned, whilst I turned my head that he might not see me. He said: "I must be off. Why don't you go to bed? There 's nothing to keep you up. A fine night 'll be coming along by eight bells and they 'll be making sail." With that he went up the ladder.

I had barely arrested speech in myself; but for that supreme effort I should have warned him, and he would at once have carried the news to the captain.

I stood in the door, gazing at the ship that flashed out and vanished, no longer scared by the flames and the thunder. I could think of nothing but what to-morrow was to bring forth. Men in scores lay below in the prison quarter, stricken into motionless logs by fright. Were they and the like of them capable of a victorious uprising? And suppose the ship seized, what was to follow? I dared not think how the convicts might serve those who were not of them. I asked myself: If they put Tom in charge of the ship, what will he do with her, and how will he act so as to escape from the ruffians and secure his own liberty? Then I thought to myself: he is an innocent man now, though suffering as a criminal; but if the ship is seized by the convicts, he 'll be taken as having helped them, as being one of the two hundred and thirty, as being the one who navigated the ship afterward, and who was as answerable as any of the rest for all that happened. He will then be a criminal in terrible earnest. Indeed, the business might bring him to the gallows. But then, thought I, he is a convict now in any case. He cannot be worse off. He never can—he never would—return home. Whatever happens cannot blacken his future. The darkness over which that lightning is flashing is not deeper. If the convicts rise, he may escape and get his liberty, free himself from his felon clothes, and hide with a changed name in a foreign country. Oh, cried my heart, God grant that I may be spared to escape with him wherever he goes!

Thus ran my thoughts. After all these years, I put them dully and coldly; but they boiled in me then. They were as the electric fluid itself whilst I stood in the doorway of that cuddy, mechanically watching the great fabric of the ship glancing out green and violet and yellow to the lights of the storm over the bow.

Shortly after eleven, the sky cleared in the south; the clouds rolled away in black masses into the north, and the moon shone out, and the sea was again beautiful with her light. A soft wind blew and the decks grew busy with the life of seamen's figures running here and there, and pulling and dragging and making sail to the noise of hoarse cries and choruses. The steward lurched up to me, and his breath filled the atmosphere around with a smell of spirits. He said, with a hiccough: "You can turn in." So I went below and lay down, fully clothed, in my bunk, but not to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SHE DESCRIBES THE SEIZURE OF THE SHIP BY THE CONVICTS.

My head was full of Tom, of that change into fierceness which I had noticed in his whispers, and I dwelt upon his sad, wild saying that I did not know his heart, by which he meant that his heart had been transformed by the wrong that had been done him and by his punishment and sufferings. Never had I felt madder than when I thought of him. I put my hands together and prayed that if the convicts rose they would successfully seize the ship.

My blood was so hot and the heat of the atmosphere so great that I could not rest. I opened the porthole and put my face into it for the coolness of the air, and for a long while listened to the pleasant, rippling sounds of the water gently broken, and to the gushing of water from the decks and the noise of men's voices high aloft and sounding as though the tones came across the sea. The moon was on the other side, but the stars were again plentiful, many meteors sailed in delicate trails of light, and the sea-line ran black against the sheet lightning that played behind it. The dew-laden night-breath fanned my face and cooled me, and by this time having thought myself into some composure of mind, I laid my head down and slept.

I was awakened by Frank; day had broken, and on looking through the porthole I saw that it was a fine clear morning, and that the ocean trembled with the brushing of a small wind. I might be sure that nothing had as yet happened; but I was so agitated, felt so cold and pale, that I expressly lingered, hoping to rally, till I suddenly heard the vulgar voice of Mr. Stiles bawling my name, on which I went out quickly.

"Look here, young man," cried Mr. Stiles, "if you 're a-going to skulk after this here fashion I shall have to send ye forward with a message to Mr. Balls. D'ye think I 'm a-going to do your work?" And for some time he continued to abuse me, calling me a little idle beast of a stowaway, a worthless, loafing young sojer, and the like. I glanced at him and perceived that his eyes were inflamed and his complexion of a strange unwholesome dye; he had evidently drunk heavily overnight in his terror, and the fumes of the drink were still in his head.

I gave him no heed, but went to my work as usual, and presently wanting water walked to the forecastle for a bucketful instead of to the after-pump, as I wished to see what was going on forward. I took a bucket from the rack near the mainmast and went along the alley; a gang of convicts were scrubbing the maindeck and waist, and another gang were washing themselves in a row near the fore-and-aft barricade. The doctor, who always arose very early, almost as soon as the convicts turned out, stood at the quarter-deck gate looking at the prisoners cleaning the planks.

The last man in the line of those who were washing themselves was Barney Aaron; on catching my eye as he lifted his ugly face out of the bucket he smiled, winked and made a singular gesture, the significance of which I could not gather. His back was upon the captains or warders, and the look he gave me was unobserved. I faintly smiled as if I understood him, though I did not; and went on to the forecastle.

The head pump was worked by one or two ordinary seamen, the others were passing buckets along to the boatswain and his mates on the main-deck. I delayed to press forward and fill my bucket, as I wished to look around me, and made as though I waited for a chance, in case I should be watched. The sun was up; the eastern sky was full of pink splendor. I saw no clouds, and the light wind was almost directly aft. The ship floated along very slowly. I had an eye by this time for sea-

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signs and guessed we should have a calm presently by the glassy appearance of the horizon. I heard men calling out on high, and, directing my eyes aloft, perceived that the main topgallantmast had been wrecked to the height of the masthead—that is to say, the royal yard still lay across, but the mast had been splintered just above it and showed a foot or two of ragged fangs.

One of the seamen near me said that a hot morning's job lay before them. Would they make an all-hand business of sending a new topgallantmast aloft?

The other answered: “A brimstone hot job it 's going to be, you take your haffidavy, maty! All hands or no hands, a bleedin' hot job 's afore some of us, roastin' as the lightning that 's blasted that spar!” He laughed low and spat and wiped his lips on his wrist.

I knew the speaker by his voice as one of the two seamen whose talk I had overheard. The other stared up at the splintered topgallantmast. It was clear that he was not in the secret.

The sailor's extraordinary speech left me in no doubt that the attempt to seize the ship would be made, and soon. Not a hint of anything wrong, of anything brewing, was to be discovered. Never had the ship worn a quieter, peacefuller face as she floated along this morning over the smooth, light blue of the tropic sea, bathed in the early silver sunshine, her canvas gleaming like silk, softly lifting and hollowing, and all right with her save that splintered masthead. They were washing down the poop; I saw Will and others hard at work with their scrubbing-brushes; a sentry stood at the head of each ladder, and the captain was now on deck looking up at the injured mast and talking about it with the ship's carpenter. A single sentry, as heretofore, stood at the quarter-deck gate, another at the main-hatch door, a third on the forecastle; thus the decks were guarded by five armed soldiers, as usual. Those who were off duty lounged with the women and a few children near the booby hatch, waiting to get their breakfast. The convict cooks were at work in their galley, as I might guess from the smoke which blew from its chimney.

The fate of the ship was in my hands—her fate and the lives and fortunes of a crowd of her people! A fierce, wild pride, a wicked exultation swelled my heart. There was yet time! The captain was on the poop; I had but to measure the length of the deck to acquaint him with what I knew, and the ship would be saved. And sooner than speak, I would have killed myself. The blood would be on the heads of those who had unjustly sentenced and made a convict and a broken-hearted, ruined man of my sweetheart. Whatever devil had been driven into him was in me, too; what he did I would do; what he wished would be my law; let the change that had been worked in him be as frightful as you please, I would lay down my life that he might get his liberty and escape the horrors of the base and degrading term of servitude which he was to complete in a distant land. Yes, I could have saved the ship by whispering a single sentence in the captain's ear, and had a knife been put into my hand, and had I been compelled either to speak or to stab my heart, I vow to God I would have sheathed the knife in my breast without an instant's hesitation.

I was not more than five minutes upon the forecastle Then drawing a bucket of water, I went aft. Captain Barrett and Lieutenant Chimmo, as was their habit in these sultry latitudes, quitted their cabins in their dressing-gowns for a bath in the ship's head. This refreshing bath they obtained by standing under the pump, whilst their orderlies, as I suppose you would call the soldiers who waited upon them, plied the handle. They returned in twenty minutes, and disappeared in their cabins to dress.

I helped Frank to drape the breakfast-table, but every instant my eye was going toward the open door and windows which overlooked the quarter-deck. My hands trembled; I frequently let things fall; and three or four times Mr. Stiles swore at me for a clumsy young fool and threatened me with Mr. Balls. Frank asked me what was the matter, and I told him I supposed my nerves had been shaken by the storm.

I think it was about a quarter to eight when Captain Barrett and the subaltern emerged from their berths. As they walked to the companion-steps to go on deck, the captain and the doctor descended, and the four came to a stand at the foot of the ladder and talked. I strained my ear. Their chatter was of the lightest—the weather, the wrecked topgallant-mast, the soldier who had tumbled down in a fit and who was now well.

Suddenly Mr. Masters, who was on the poop—whether in charge of the watch or not, I can't say—put his head into the skylight and cried out in a voice loud with terror: “Captain Sutherland, the convicts are breaking out! Some of our men have knocked the forecastle sentry down! Quick on deck, man! The main-hatch sentry 's overpowered and the prisoners are pouring up!”

Just as he spoke, a musket was fired—then a second. Some of the women shrieked. A third musket was fired. This was followed by an indiscribable roaring noise of groans and yells accompanied by the sound of the tread of many feet. The captain and the doctor rushed on deck, the two military officers to their cabins, out of which they broke again in a twinkling, each man pulling a pistol out of its case as he ran toward the companion-way and flinging the case down as he bounded up the steps.

“Here they are!” shouted the steward, and, followed by Frank, he fled to the steps which led to the poop.

A mass of the convicts were coming toward the recess where the soldiers' arms were. Gaining the steerage hatchway in a leap or two, I rushed into my cabin, and as I closed my door and bolted it, I heard the prisoners shouting as they swarmed into the cuddy. Their footsteps thundered over my head. I saw myself in the wash-stand looking-glass, and was as white as milk. I was only sensible now of the horror that had seized me at the sight of the faces of the convicts. I stood with my hand upon my heart, holding by the side of the upper bunk, breathing fast and listening. But voices could not pierce the thickness of the deck-plank. Nothing took my ear but the confused tread and shuffling movements of feet overhead like to what I had heard when I lay in hiding, only softer because of the carpets.

A horrid fancy seized me. Shots had been fired. Suppose Tom had been wounded or killed! The handle of the door was violently tried and the door shaken and beaten upon. I cried out: “Who 's that?”

“Will Johnstone! Let me in!”

I rushed to the door and opened it, and Will entered. In the time that the door lay open I heard a great shouting and hoarse roaring, distant, as though a fierce struggle were happening on the main-deck, likewise a single musket-shot. This I heard whilst I let Will in. He was deadly white; his eyes were large and strange with a wild stare of horror.

For some moments he could utter no words.

“Are you hurt?” I exclaimed.

“No, but I have seen—but I have seen—oh, the bloody villains! One stabbed Chimmo in the throat, and they threw him overboard, alive. He leveled his pistol and shot a man. He was mad to do it. He stood no chance. They wrenched the musket out of a sentry's hand and bayoneted him and tossed him into the sea, alive like the subaltern.”

Horror overcame the poor fellow. The memory of the shocking sights seemed to paralyze him; his jaw moved, but he ceased to speak. I was horror-stricken, too, but not as he, for he had beheld what he described. But impatience was rending my heart; I could not give him time.

“Have you seen Tom?”

He answered with a nod.

“Is he safe?” The poor lad dryly swallowed and wiped his blanched lips and said, huskily: “Yes; he told me to run to this cabin and keep with you. He 'll be here soon. He stays to save Mr. Bates's life.”

“The convicts will not hurt us,” said I. “Tom stipulated for our safety.”

“I guessed that,” he exclaimed. “When they rushed upon the poop they struck out and stabbed to right and left of them, but none offered to hurt me. Butler stood on the ladder where the sentry had been bayoneted.”

“He didn't do it?” I shrieked.

“No; it was a young convict with a purple face, who kept yelling like a madman. Butler stood on the ladder and shouted to me, and I ran to him. He put his arm round my neck and said: ‘Will it 's a bloody business. I could have stopped it by peaching, but they would have killed me; and what was to become of Marian?’ A line of convicts was drawn across the quarter-deck, and they saw Butler with his arm round my neck. He told me that he had seen you run into the steerage and that I should find you in your cabin.”

He was now beginning to breathe with more freedom, and something of the dreadful, staring look was passing out of his eyes. He listened and then said: “They 'll not hurt us. Butler seems to have authority. Did he plan this frightful business?”

“No, but he would not hinder it. Why should he? He 's an innocent man, and must have his liberty. Let those who swore his freedom away, who sentenced him, who have ruined our lives and made him what he is, be responsible for this.”

“It couldn't have happened,” he exclaimed, “but for our men. Many of them are as vile as the worst of the convicts. I was on the poop and saw it all, and it was as quickly done as letting go a topsail halliards. The prisoners' messmen massed themselves as usual past the main-hatch at breakfast-time; I noticed some of our sailors loafing near the convicts' galley within leap of the main-hatch sentry. I also saw a cluster of seamen standing close in the way of the forecastle sentry's walk. I heard a loud shout; I 'll swear it was the prize-fighter's voice. In an instant the forecastle sentry was knocked down by the seamen; the main-hatch sentry was seized from behind and disarmed by the sailors who rushed from the convict galley. The messmen threw down their breakfast utensils as a sort of second signal; I watched and saw it all, Marian; quicker than I can talk the convicts on deck made for the quarter-deck barricade-gate, and fast as water pours through a scupper-hole the prisoners came streaming up out of their quarters. The quarter-deck sentry leveled his piece and fired, and a convict dropped. The convicts forced the gate; the sentry bayoneted the first of them and was then knocked down; his musket was wrested from him and a brutal ruffian beat his head in with the stock as the poor fellow lay on his back. The poop sentries fired at the convicts as they burst through the barrier, but in a few moments the prisoners got possession of the arms in the recess and swarmed up by either ladder. Oh, it was a splendid, maddening, frightful sight to see those two soldiers, one at each ladder, holding the steps against the yelling mob until one was beaten down and killed as I have told you!”

“Hark to the noise overhead!” I cried. “The cuddy is full of men!”

Through the open port-hole came faintly, like voices at a distance across the water, sounds of the shouting on deck. The wind had dropped. A sheet calm had fallen. Through the cabin window I saw the sea stretching to its dim, hot confines in a vast spread of soft silver blue, with scarce a breathing of swell to stir the ship.

“What have they done with the captain?” I asked.

“As I ran to join Butler, a crowd of convicts gathered round the captain and doctor, as though to force them off the poop. I don't think they hurt them.”

I asked some other questions. He had rallied, and now talked with something of composure.

“Hush!” cried he, suddenly. “There are people outside.”

The door of the cabin next mine was beaten. Mine was then hammered on.

“Are you there, Johnstone?”

It was Tom, and in a heart-beat I threw open the door. Beside him stood Mr. Bates, the chief officer of the ship. On my showing myself, Tom extended his arms and gathered me to his breast and held me tight. I broke into a little passion of sobs, but shed no tears.

“You are free,” I cried, drawing from him and grasping his hands and looking into his dear eyes.

“Not yet! Not yet!” he answered hoarsely, as though his voice had been strained by shouting. “But, dear heart, we are together and may talk together now. Mr. Bates, step in.”

They were alone. He shut the door when the mate entered.

“This is Marian Johnstone, the lady I was to have married, the lady who accompanied me on board this ship in the East India Docks. She followed me into this accursed vessel and, herself a woman of wealth and a lady by birth, has waited at your table, stooped to the vile drudgery of the cuddy, worked like a convict, associated with men no better than convicts, that she might be in sympathy with me in my degradation. May she find a reward!” he cried, raising his hands and speaking in a broken voice. “Do you stare, Mr. Bates? Why, yes, to be sure; she was a boy and a cabin bottle-washer to your habit of thought down to a minute ago. But the secret of her sex is yours. This is her cousin, Will. Sir, on your honor, this lady is still a boy amongst us, and you know nothing. Consider our company. Give me your hand upon it.”

Mr. Bates extended his hand, and Tom grasped it. The mate was a man of somewhat slow turn of mind. He looked at me hard whilst he retained his grasp of my sweetheart's hand, and said: “I have been thinking as much for some time. There never was a boy with your skin and eyes. Butler 's a lucky man.”

“A wronged man!” I cried.

“I said so when I read the papers, and I 've been saying it ever since aboard this ship, as you know, Johnstone.”

“She shipped as Simon Marlowe,” said Tom, “and so she remains—that 's understood. Mr. Bates, you stop here with her and Johnstone. I 'll bring Aaron and others presently. The wolves are tearing the cuddy to pieces in their rage to eat and drink. No man 'll harm you as my friend. You three are my friends—friends!” he cried, and again he took me in his arms and held me to him, then passionately broke away and said, speaking fast and harshly and with a fierceness I had noticed in his whispers: “They 'll not hurt you! The devils are helpless without me. There 's not a navigator amongst them. It was concerted I was to take charge, and I do so on my own terms.”

“What have they done with the captain?” cried Mr. Bates.

“He 's in the prisoners' quarters along with the doctor and Captain Barrett and the survivors of the guard. I fear the bad part of your sailors more than the convicts. There must be no bloodshed. But let them yell and roar. Give the mad spirits of the brutes time to languish. They have their liberty, but it is not the liberty of the shore, and they 'll not know what to do with it presently when they sober down and look around. Marian, my brave heart!” For the third time he pressed me to him and stepped out, bidding us leave the door unbolted and to stay till he returned.

His face was white, hard and wild; his manner that of one who is full of rage and whose struggle to command it fills his eyes with the light of madness. Mr. Bates gazed at me when the door closed upon my sweetheart, and, plunging his hands in his pockets, said: “I owe him my life. He locked me in my cabin, and a number of the convicts were forcing the door, when he thrust through and brought me out. He shouted: ‘Men, I have three friends; two are youngsters below, this is the third. You know our compact. You know who this man is. You have seen him often enough. He is an old shipmate of mine and a friend, and if a hair of his is harmed, you sail the ship yourselves.’ The cuddy was full of convicts; but there fell a silence whilst he roared this out. He has a noble voice. He put his arm through mine and walked me to the hatch. The devils fell away from me and started shouting on other matters, as though I was out of it and concerned them no longer. He saved my life. They 've killed poor Masters. They would have killed me.”

“Is the second mate dead?” gasped Will.

“Butler told me so. Masters showed fight when they killed the sentry and rushed on to the poop, and he was cut down. So Butler told me as we came here. The convicts got hold of the soldiers' arms, and it was all done out of hand. Marian, what a business! And what 's to become of the ship?”

“What will they do with the captain and the doctor?” said Will.

“How many have been killed?” I asked.

“Three convicts were dropped by the sentries,” answered Will. “Suppose them dead. Then two soldiers. Then the lieutenant and Mr. Masters. The tally 'll run to near half a score, sir,” said he, looking at the mate.

“And you 're a cousin of this lady?” said Mr. Bates.

“I 'm no lady on board this ship. Pray take heed, sir!” I cried.

“She has nothing to do with this business!” cried my cousin. “She was afraid of losing sight of Captain Butler if she followed him in another ship.”

The poor man durst not ask questions, for fear of offending me.

“What noise is that?” cried Will.

I heard a kind of pounding, like the stroke of a pump or the hitting of timber. Mr. Bates put his head out of the door to listen. A dull, confused tumult of voices came down the hatch—wild cries as of mad or drunken delight; but I seemed to catch a level note in the hubbub, and supposed that the first delirium and wild-beast-like transports were passing.

Mr. Bates was about to shut the door, when he was arrested by a noise of rushing feet. He looked out, and said: “Here 's a mob of convicts streaming into the steerage!”

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 35.]

◆

FATHER AND SON.

A gentleman was chiding his son for staying out late at nights, and said:

“Why, when I was your age, my father didn't allow me to go out after dark!”

“Then you had a deuce of a father!” sneered the young profligate; whereupon the father very rashly vociferated:

“I had a confounded sight better one than you, you young rascal!”

THE FISHERMAN'S GUEST.

BY CALEB DUNN.

Many a year ago there stood,
Alone in its rustic solitude,
Near where the river meets the bay,
And mingles with the whitecap's spray,
The cottage of a fisherman,
Whose life was bound by the humblest span.

To him the world was all that his eye
From his cottage window could espy,
Nor cared he for what bright realms shone
Beyond his vision's horizon,
So long as his wife and prattling boy
Made his simple life a life of joy.

Whenever the fisherman sailed away,
Florence would come to the shore and say:
“God be with you through calm and storm,
And keep your little boat from harm.”
And watch by the rocky-bounded shore
Till the little craft she could see no more.

So years passed on, and the fisherman found
Himself the owner of the ground
On which his pleasant cottage stood,
A perfect temple, though so rude;
For gilded fane and oaken doors
And gaudy windows, through which pours

The encrimsoned sunshine, and rich walls
On which empurpled drapery falls,
And works of art's most wondrous skill,
And books, may need one treasure still
To make the palace home the seat
Of that which alone can make life sweet.

Love was the guardian of the hours
Of the fisherman's life. Love planted flowers
Of beauty round his humble hearth,
And sweetened his lowly life with mirth,
And *Peace* was e'er the faithful guest
At his fireside so richly blest.

◆

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

This night, which will dwell in my memory with vivid distinctness while life and reason are left to me, was in October, 1870. I was at that time a telegraph operator, stationed in the little town of Deering, upon the line of the Pacific Railroad, between the cities of D—— and G——. Six miles farther west was the more pretentious town of Paris, upon the direct road to D——.

Deering was by no means a model residence. There were lager-beer gardens, drinking-saloons and gambling-houses out of all proportion to the more respectable stores and residences. We had had two arrests of counterfeiters, and there was scarcely a day passed that there was not a brawl among the ruffians around us. Still, there was a school, and a timid little blue-eyed woman had come from Vermont to teach there.

How long an unprotected woman might have lived in Deering I can only guess, for Alice Holt had been there but three months when she consented to walk into church with me one day, and walk out my wife. This was in July, and we had occupied a pretty cottage nearly quarter of a mile from the telegraph office since our marriage.

Being the only man employed in the telegraphic business at Deering, I was obliged to remain constantly in the office during the day and part of the evening, and Alice herself brought me my dinner and supper. There was a small room next the office with a window, but only one door, communicating with the larger room. Here Alice had fitted up a dressing-table and mirror, a wash-stand and some shelves, where she kept pepper, salt and pickles for my office repasts. The two rooms were on the second floor of a wooden building that stood alone.

With this necessary introduction, I come to the story of that October night, and the part my blue-eyed Alice, only eighteen, and afraid of her own shadow, played in it.

I was in the office at about half-past seven o'clock, when one of the city officials came in, all flurried, saying:

“Stirling, have you been over to the embankment on the road to-day?”

The embankment was not a quarter of a mile from the office, on the east side.

“No; I have not.”

“It was a special Providence took me there, then. One of the great masses of rock has rolled down directly across the track. It will be as dark as a wolf's mouth to-night, and if the midnight train comes from D—— there will be a horrible smash-up.”

“The midnight train must stop at Paris, then,” I replied. “I will send a message.”

“Yes. That is what I stopped in for. The other track is clear, so you need not stop the train to D——”

“All right, sir.”

I was standing at the door, seeing my caller down the rickety staircase, when Alice came up with my supper. It was hot and I was cold, so I drew up a table, and opening can and basket, sat down to enjoy it. Time enough for business, I thought, afterward. As I ate we chatted.

“Any messages to-day?” my wife asked.

“One from D—— for John Martin.”

“John Martin!” Alice cried. “The greatest ruffian in Deering. What was the message?”

“Midnight train.”

“Was that all?”

“That was all. Mr. Hill has just been in here to tell me there is a huge rock across the track at the embankment, so I shall stop the midnight train at Paris. The passengers must wait a few hours there and come on in the morning, after the track is cleared.”

“Have you sent the message, Robert?”

“Not yet. There is plenty of time. That train does not reach Paris till half-past eleven, and it is not yet eight. Yes—it is just striking.”

“Better send it, Robert. If there should be an accident you would never forgive yourself. Send it, while I put some clean towels in the wash-room, and then I will come sit with you till you can come home.”

She went into the dressing-room as she spoke, taking no light, but depending upon the candles burning in the office. I was rising from my seat to send the telegram, when the door opened and four of the worst characters in Deering, led by John Martin, entered the room. Before I could speak, two threw me back in my chair, one held a revolver to my head, and John Martin spoke:

“Mr. Hill was here to tell you to stop the D—— train. You will not send that message. Listen. The rock is there to stop that train—put there for that purpose. There is half a million in gold in the express car. Do you understand?”

“You would risk all the lives in the train to rob it!” I cried, horror-struck.

“Exactly,” was the cool reply. “One-fifth is yours if you keep back the message. The money has been watched all the way from San Francisco.”

I saw the whole diabolical scheme at once. If the train came, it would be thrown off at the embankment and easily plundered by the villains, who would lie in wait there.

“Come,” Martin said, “will you join us?”

“Never!” I cried indignantly.

“We must force you, then! Tie him fast!”

I trembled for Alice. If only my life were at stake, I could have borne it better. But even if we were both murdered, I could not take the blood of the passengers on the train upon my head. Not a sound came from the little room as I was tied hand and foot to my chair, bound so securely that I could not move. It was proposed to gag me, but finally concluded that my cries, if I made any, could not be heard, and a handkerchief was bound over my mouth.

The door of the wash-room was closed and locked, Alice still undiscovered; then the light was blown out and the ruffians left me, locking the door after them.

There was a long silence. Outside I could hear the step of one of the men pacing up and down, watching. I rubbed my head against the wall behind me, and succeeded in getting the handkerchief off my mouth, to fall around my neck.

I had scarcely accomplished this when there was a tap on the inner door.

“Robert!” Alice said.

“Yes, love. Speak low. There is a man under my window.”

“Are you alone in the room?”

“Yes, dear.”

“I am going to Paris. There is no man under my window, and I can get out there. I have six long roller-towels here, knotted together, and I have cut my white skirt into wide strips to join them. The rope made so, reaches nearly to the ground. I shall fasten it to the door-knob and let myself down. It will not take long to reach home, saddle Selim, and reach Paris in time. Don't fear for me. When you hear a hen cackling under my window you will know I am safely on the ground.”

Little Alice! My heart throbbed heavily as I heard her heroic proposal, but I dared not stop her.

“God bless and protect you,” I said, and listened for her signal. Soon the cackling noise told me the first step of her perilous undertaking was taken.

It was dark, cloudy and threatening a storm, and, as nearly as I could guess, close upon nine o'clock. I could only wait and pray. I was too much stunned even yet to realize the heroism of this timid woman, starting alone upon the dark ride, through a wild country with a storm threatening.

Nine o'clock! As the bell of the church-clock ceased to strike, a rumble, a flash, told me a thunder-storm was coming rapidly. Oh, the long, long minutes of the next hour!

Ten o'clock. The rain falling in torrents, the thunder pealing, lightning flashing! Alice was so afraid of lightning! Often I had held her, white as death, trembling, almost fainting, in such a storm as this. Had she feared to start, with the storm in prospect, or was she lying somewhere on the wild road, overcome by terror or perhaps stricken by lightning?

Eleven o'clock. The storm over, though still the night was inky black. No sound to cheer me; none to make the hideous suspense more endurable. A host of possibilities, like frightful nightmares, chasing one another through my tortured brain.

Would the next hour never pass? Once the clock tolled midnight all was safe.

I was drenched with perspiration wrung from me by mental agony one hour; chilled with horror the next. No words can describe the misery of waiting as the minutes dragged slowly along. In the dead silence a far-off sound struck a thrill of horror to my heart, far exceeding even the previous agony. Far, far away a faint whistle came through the air. Nearer and nearer, then the distant rumble of the train, growing more and more distinct.

The midnight down-train was coming swiftly, surely to destruction. Where was my wife? Had the ruffians intercepted her at the cottage? Was she lying dead somewhere upon the wild road? Her heroism was of no avail; but was her life saved? In the agony of that question the approaching rumble of the train was far more the bitterness of Alice lost than the horror of the doomed lives it carried. Why had I let her start upon her mad errand?

I tried to move. I writhed in impotent fury upon my chair, forcing the cruel cords to tear my flesh as I vainly tried to loosen even one hand.

The heavy train rumbled past the telegraph office. It was an express train and did not stop at Deering station; but as I listened, every sense sharpened by my mental torture, it seemed to me that the speed slackened. Listening intently, I knew that it stopped at the embankment, as nearly as I could judge. Not with the sickening crash I expected, not preceding wails and groans from the injured passengers, but gradually and carefully. A moment more and I heard shouts, the crack of firearms, sounds of some conflict.

What could it all mean? The minutes were hours, till I heard a key turn in the door of my prison, and a moment later two tender arms were round my neck, and Alice was whispering in my ear:

“They will come in a few minutes, love, to set you free! The villains left the key in the door! I thought of that before I started, but there was a man on the front watching! I crept round the house, and I saw him, so I did not dare be seen!”

“But have you been to Paris?”

“Yes, dear.”

“In all that storm?”

“Selim seemed to understand. He carried me swiftly and surely. I was well wrapped in my water-proof cloak and hood. When I reached Paris the train had not come from D——.”

“But it is here?”

“Only the locomotive and one car. In that car were a sheriff, a deputy-sheriff and twenty men armed to the teeth, to capture the gang at the embankment. I came, too, and they lowered me from the train when the speed slackened, so that I could run here and tell you all was safe!”

While we spoke, my wife's fingers had first untied the handkerchief around my neck; and, then, in the dark, found some of the knots of the cords binding me. But I was still tied fast and strong, when there was a rush of many feet upon the staircase, and in another moment light and joyful voices.

“We've captured the whole nine!” was the good news. “Three, including John Martin, are desperately wounded; but the surprise was perfect! Now, old fellow, for you!”

A dozen clasp-knives at once severed my bonds and a dozen hands were extended in greeting.

As for the praises showered upon my plucky little wife, it would require a volume to tell half of them.

The would-be assassins and robbers were taken to D—— for trial. John Martin, on his death-bed, turned state's evidence. His *ante-mortem* testimony sent the survivors to the penitentiary.

Alice and I left Deering for a more civilized community the following year. But before we went there was an invitation sent to us to meet a committee from the railroad company at Paris. We accepted; had a dinner, were toasted and complimented, and then Alice was presented with a silver tea-service, as a testimonial from the passengers upon that threatened down-train, the express company and railroad directors, in token of their gratitude for the lives and property saved by her heroism.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

One of the obstacles in the way of amateur photography, is the cost of materials. That so much expense is necessary, the uninitiated seem firmly to believe, but the expert and the old-timer are well aware that the average catalogue of photographic supplies is to all intents and purposes a glowing inducement to the amateur to part with a goodly amount of his oftentimes hard-earned cash.

After the first investment, which for a fairly good magazine camera taking a 4 x 5 plate need not be over twenty-five dollars, the expense may be reduced to a sum that will scarcely be considered a hardship, but to do this one must be willing to cut off from his list many of the articles that the dealer and the more experienced friend will insist are absolutely necessary.

Instead, for example, of paying from one to five dollars for a ruby lantern, he can go to a good lamp-store and get a ruby globe such as is used upon a railroad-lantern. For this he may pay forty to fifty cents, or possibly more in some locality remote from large establishments. A bit of board with a few holes in it or an empty tin fruit-can turned bottom upward and perforated to let in air will make a good base. Cut a candle squarely across the end, light it, tip it up and let it melt half a dozen drops of wax, allowing this to fall upon the can, then immediately set the candle down smooth end into the little puddle of melted wax or tallow, as the case may be. This will cool in an instant, and hold the candle firmly to the improvised base.

Then set the globe over, cover the top with a bit of wire-cloth made into cone shape and covered with ruby cloth such as all photographers use. There is no danger of fire if about three or four inches of candle are used. This is, of course, the crudest sort of an arrangement, the outside cost of which will be scarcely more than sixty cents or as much less as one may get the lantern globe for. It answers all purposes, unless one chooses to travel about, when a somewhat more convenient light must be provided.

The first use of the lantern is for the filling of the plate holders. This should be done in the dark room and as expeditiously as possible; any degree of light affects the plate more or less, and will, to a certain extent, dim the clearness and fine appearance of the picture. There is no royal road to success in photography, and to become an expert, it is necessary to give the utmost attention to detail. It is well, too, to learn the chemistry of photography as by this means one is able to account for failure and to decide what effect a little more or a little less of this, that or the other will have on the desired picture.

◆

ACKNOWLEDGING HIS ERROR.

I remember to have heard or read somewhere a serio-comic anecdote related by Sheridan, which is well worth repeating.

An Irish officer, who had served in Malta and also in the Indies, was very fond, at table, of relating his adventures and telling of the wonderful things he had seen. Sometimes he might get things a little mixed, but his intent was to tell nothing but the truth. One day, at a public dinner, he was expatiating on the luxurious living at Malta, and spoke particularly of the excellent quality of the anchovies. He had never seen any like them anywhere else. And, then, how freely they grew there! He told of a grove of them which he had seen growing in the governor's garden upon the esplanade.

A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees. The Irishman reaffirmed it most emphatically. The wine was flowing, and the lie passed. A challenge was given and accepted. On the following day the parties met, attended by their seconds. At the first fire the Irishman's shot took effect in his opponent's thigh, the ball hitting the bone and causing such a shock that the latter fell upon his back, and in such pain that he kicked his heels vigorously.

“I' faith, major,” said our hero's second, “you've hit your man, but I think not dangerously, for see what lively capers he is cutting.”

“Capers! *Capers!*” exclaimed the Irishman, with a start. “Oh, by the powers, what have I done? Bad luck to me forever for such a dreadful mistake!” And hastening to the side of his antagonist, who had been raised to a sitting posture, he grasped his hand, gushing forth as he did so:

“My dear friend, I hope you ain't killed; and if I've harmed you seriously I'll ask your pardon forever; for I made a murderin' mistake! It was *capers* that I saw growing upon the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all!”

FROM THE WORLD'S FOUR CORNERS.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

Great Disappointment is the portion of the Chicagoan's cup this summer. According to the calculations of the Fair directory, thirty-five million paid admissions would be received at the Exposition gates during the six months, and the average of attendance was expected to reach two hundred thousand a day. The melancholy fact is that only about one and a half millions were in attendance during May, less than four millions in June and in July, while the daily attendance at no time came up to the expectation. All sorts of causes have been assigned for this disappointing state of things. The Fair itself is all that could be desired, and far more than its most sanguine friends could have expected. Its architecture is wonderfully beautiful. Its location by the lake-side, where the cool breezes temper the summer's heat refreshingly, could hardly be surpassed. The exhibits are most interesting and highly educative. But the fact remains that the people do not come in great numbers, and that the great buildings are respectably thronged but never crowded. The Chicago papers busy themselves in finding reasons for the apparent indifference of the masses, but with indifferent success. From the highest point of view, the Exposition is a glorious success for the American people, and it is to be hoped that its financial failure may be forestalled by generous patronage during the closing months. One result of the small attendance is a lessening of living rates, many hotels having failed, and rooms which were offered at extortionate prices in the spring are now to be had at fair prices. Only a little investigation is necessary in order to secure good rooms at moderate rates.

The History of the Sunday-closing at the World's Fair has been interesting and highly amusing. First, the officials declared, in private session, that the gates must be opened on Sunday because they "could not afford to waste the day;" and in public they pleaded the cause of the poor workingman, who had no other day to come to the Fair. Religious exercises were arranged within the grounds and the gates opened; but somehow the Chicago workingman did not realize his advantages, or found that a day of sight-seeing was the poorest possible preparation for a week of toil. He did not need the Bible to counsel a day of rest. Experience became an individual and potent teacher. The small crowds that did come on Sunday were far more likely to make their way to the theatres, dancing-halls and beer gardens of the Plaisance, than to the Art Gallery of Horticultural Hall, and few appreciate the advantage of paying fifty cents to go to church on the Fair grounds when far more attractive preaching is offered free of cost outside the gates. The majority of State buildings, all the exhibits of Great Britain and her colonies and hundreds of others were closed on Sunday, and the attendance slowly diminished. Then the authorities discovered that the "poor workingman" inside the grounds needed a day of rest, and on account of this and other deductions, decided to close the great gates.

Miss Mary Proctor, the daughter of the late Prof. Richard A. Proctor, is making arrangements to give a series of lectures on astronomy for children all over the country during the coming season. The course consists of three lectures for children, entitled: "The Goblins in Starland," "The Stories of the Stars" and "Giant Sun and His Family." She will also deliver a lecture specially suitable for normal schools, on "How to Teach Astronomy to Children." She delivered these lectures at Chicago, during the World's Fair, and met with great success.

"**Pretty Anna,**" a waiting-maid at the Palmer House in Chicago, attracted the admiring attention of an Austrian nobleman who was a guest of the hotel, about two years ago. She has lately resigned her position, and is now being introduced to Chicago people as the Baroness Sohlberg. But as she was a cheery, pleasant maid, as good as she was pretty, the baron is to be congratulated.

The Minnesota Building at the World's Fair has a beautiful statue at its entrance of Hiawatha carrying away the Indian maiden, Minnehaha. It was purchased by contributions of the children of Minnesota, and is greatly admired. The house itself is one of the prettiest State buildings on the grounds.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has generously donated the salary accorded her by Congress as president of the Board of Lady Managers at the World's Fair for bringing to the Fair poor boys and girls in Chicago, who could not otherwise visit the great exposition.

A solid-gold mouse-trap was among the thousands of wedding gifts to the Princess May, and although a very homely present, may prove, some day, far more useful than the piles of jewelry and silver which were received in an overwhelming profusion.

Miss Cynthia D. Rockwell, a teacher in the Good Will Mission School for Indians, in South Dakota, has recently married one of her Indian assistants, Richard King. The young Indian is well-educated and is a licensed preacher.

In Norway, horses have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay, and they sip and eat in comfortable fashion, very much as a human being would. This sensible custom results in excellent health among the horses.

An Ohio man has shipped to his country home in Connecticut, for decorative use on his lawn, a bowlder weighing thirty-five tons.

The oldest merchant vessel afloat under United States colors is the *Good Intent*, of Rockland, Me.

Mr. Gladstone makes a better speech now than he did forty years ago.

Eighteen operas have been written on Columbus.

CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

The Elf Who Found a Penny.

One night, when the elves of Fairyland were out upon a green lawn, dancing, they had such a very delightful time that they stayed later than usual. And one of the elves became so tired that he left the merrymakers and, stretching himself at the foot of a big tree, fell so soundly asleep that he did not hear the others go home, nor did he even wake when the cocks were crowing.

The first sound which the sleepy elf heard, as he lay under the tree, was the voices of two boys. The boys were quarreling, and one of them was talking very loudly, for he was angry.

"I tell you I dropped a penny here, right under this tree. Did you take it, you wicked boy?"

"No," replied the second boy. "I have not seen your penny; and if I had, I should keep it, for father told me that if I found a penny I could always have it."

The boys continued quarreling for some minutes, and then started for home. As soon as they had gone, the elf rose softly from the blade of grass under which he was lying, and looked around to see where he was. To his dismay, he found himself near a farm-house, and there were great, tall hens and roosters around him, picking up kernels of corn.

As the elf looked, he saw one of the roosters reach forward with his bill and make a dive at something, and at the same instant the elf saw that it was the penny which the boy had lost.

Quick as a flash—for elves are quicker than a lightning dart—he sprang forward and seized the penny. But how heavy it was! And what a terrible load to lift!

"I will take it home," said the naughty elf, "no matter if I die carrying it or if I am crushed under its weight, for I believe it to be something very valuable; and if I can present it to our queen, she will make me one of the richest of her subjects."

It was broad noon-day when the little elf, panting and struggling under his load, arrived in the palace of Fairyland and was shown into the presence of the queen of the elves. Making a deep bow to the queen, he said:

"Will your majesty kindly accept this bit of precious stone? I had the good fortune to find it in the world of mortals, and I have worked all day to bring it to your majesty's palace."

When the queen saw it, she looked at the elf sharply, and then frowning upon him, she said:

"I fear I have before me a wicked elf, one who has stolen money from the good mortals of the earth. That coin is a penny, and perhaps belonged to somebody who needed it to buy bread. Return it at once to the earth, even though in doing so you run the risk of being caught by mortals in the daylight."

Then the elf hung his head, for he knew the coin belonged to the little boy who had lost it, and to take it back would be a long, hot task. But he set bravely about doing it, and by next morning the penny lay again in the grass at the foot of the big tree, where, pretty soon, the little boy who had lost the penny found it

When the Fairies Dance.

Have you ever heard how the fairies come out and dance upon the grass after a rain-storm in the night? And especially after a thunder-shower? There is a pretty little story which is told about this, and this is the way it runs:.

A long time ago, a terrible thunder-shower visited the earth. It lasted only a few minutes, but in that length of time it swept nearly all the grass off the earth and destroyed the trees and the flowers which were growing upon the bushes. And, worse than that, it killed a great many people, for the thunderbolts flew from heaven, and the lightning darts flashed, until people were blinded with them and rushed out into the fields, only to be struck by the cruel lightning and killed.

When the queen of the fairies saw all this, she was very sorry, but even while she grieved she could not help rejoicing that her own kingdom was underground, where it could not be harmed by the thunder or the lightning.

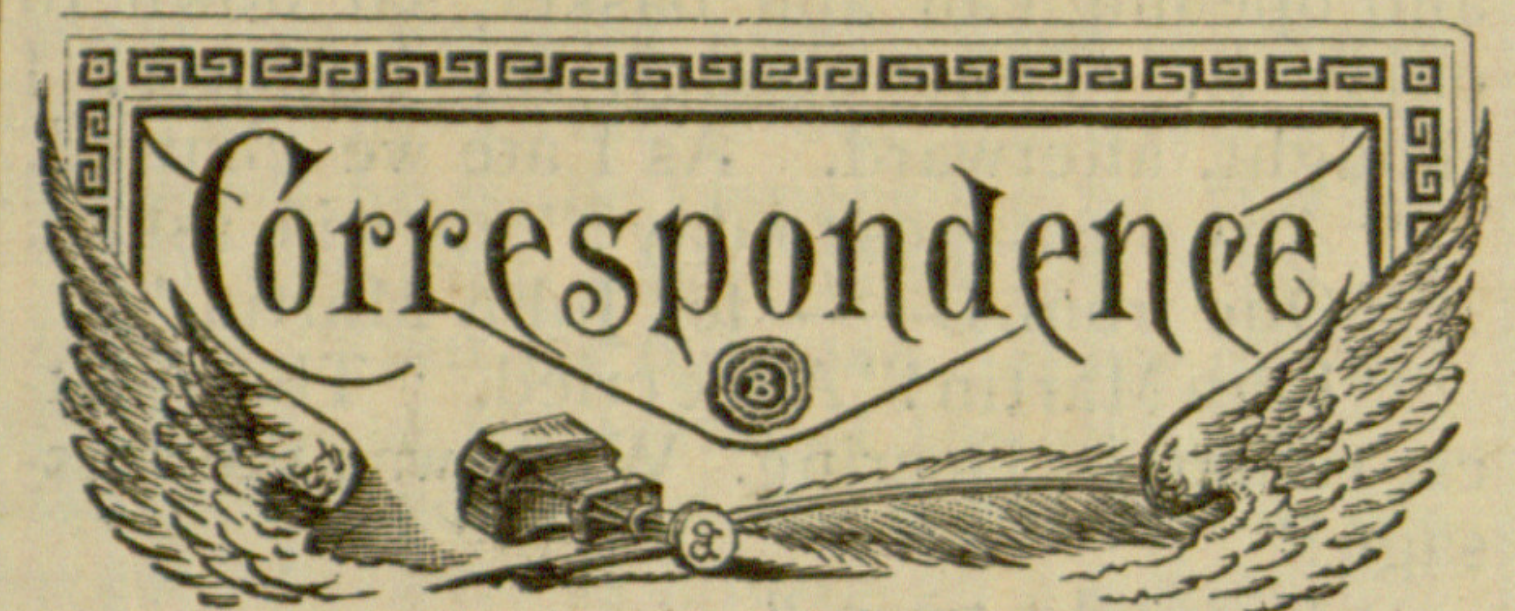
"As soon as the storm is over," she said to her knights of the throne, "we will go out and dance upon the grass, to show Mother Nature how glad we are that our kingdom is safe."

So, after the storm was over, the fairies went out and danced under the poor shattered trees and made as merry as they could with the gardens lying all torn about them. If you listen any night, after the rain, you will hear them dancing upon the grass. Their steps sound like the pat, pat, patter of drops of water from the leaves of the trees. But, when you hear the drops, you must remember that it is the elves of Fairyland, and then you must be thankful too, as they are, that you do not live in a part of the country where the terrible lightning destroys the trees and the thunder-bolts crash through houses.

Be sure to listen the next night it rains, and hear the merry elves dance under the trees.

A Mosquito's Teeth.

Mosquitoes are around now, and you must be careful of their bites, for they are painful and sometimes become very troublesome and sore. Wise men who look through microscopes—naturalists they are called—say that mosquitoes have two rows of teeth, twenty-two teeth in all, which are very sharp. The teeth are in the end of the "stinger," with which the mosquito "bites;" so when you say you have been bitten by a mosquito, you are not so far wrong, after all.



Correspondence

Care of the Complexion. (Nannie Lawrence.)—If you had been a reader of the *Ledger* for the past few years, you would have known a good deal about the care of your complexion. It is safe to say that one of the first requisites is the utmost cleanliness. If you are careless about washing your face, and allow dust and perspiration to accumulate upon it, the small pores will soon fill up and possibly become inflamed and irritated, and in some cases break out into eruptions of various sorts. Wash the face and neck thoroughly with a very fine, soft brush and some fine soap. Pure Castile soap is quite as good as any. Carefully rinse the soap from the skin; then, while still wet, rub in a few drops of glycerine and rose-water. Then pat dry with a very soft linen towel. Never use a coarse or harsh towel upon the face. There are a number of simple preparations for preventing wrinkles, among them are perfumed almond-oil, honey and rose-water and some of the simple cold-creams.

An Old Song.—Mrs. A. B. T. asks for the words of the song, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." *Answer:* The song, as published, included three or four verses, but the original poem was much longer. Lack of space prevents the publication of the entire poem. The first verse is:

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night.
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore.
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Perspiring Hands.—Lena is spoiling her typewriter and spoiling many things because her hands perspire so freely, and she comes to the *Ledger* for advice as to what she shall do. *Answer:* There are varying causes for profuse perspiration. If you are all run down and not well, you need a tonic. This may remove the cause of the trouble. If not, try dipping the fingers in a weak solution of tannic acid and drying them by waving in the air. Don't spatter the acid about; it sometimes makes spots. Perhaps the habitual use of alcohol to dip the fingers in will remove the difficulty. It has worked admirably in several instances.

A Fine Distinction.—"What is the difference between a 'sketch' and a 'short story?'" *Answer:* A sketch is a slightly constructed literary composition; it is of simple motive, is usually short and mainly is made up of descriptive work. By a short story is meant a short tale requiring a plot, and usually conversation, in addition to the equipment of the sketch, and discarding most of the simplicity of the sketch. A sketch may be biographical for instance, while a short story is usually fictitious. Read the definition of both "sketch" and "story" in the Century Dictionary.

School for Dressmaking.—Mrs. I. asks about instruction in dressmaking. Pratt Institute in Brooklyn is one of the very best places in this country for obtaining such training. The fees are low, the instruction thorough, and the associations refined and elevating. In such an institution one may learn very much more than merely the branch one has in view. Every hall, corridor and room is full of good ideas and suggestions. Write to Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, for particulars.

Massage.—A Country Girl asks about massage and its effects. One of the best works on this subject is entitled, "The Theory and Practice of the Movement Cure." It gives treatment and the whys and wherefores. There are special treatments for the face. Do not use a rough towel. Get vaseline or lanoline and rub freely into the hollows in your cheeks; warm it in with a bottle filled with hot water held to the face. The skin absorbs the oil and will, in a short time, fill out considerably.

Queen Victoria's Mail.—T. H. writes: "Why is not Queen Victoria permitted to handle any of her mail except that from her immediate family?" *Answer:* Her mail is so large that it is necessary to employ persons to separate the matters of importance from the rest. The unimportant matter is referred to certain officials who attend to it according to general instructions. Those letters seen to be from members of the queen's immediate family are left to be opened by her.

Electrical Study. (A Young Reader.)—In order to become a thorough electrical engineer, it is well worth while to begin at the very foot of the ladder. Go into some power-house, learn all about the machinery and the whys and wherefores of each and every thing that is used there. Then apply to the best electrical expert in that place for information on the subject of books. The best elementary book is the power-house.

Tooth Powder.—D. T. N. writes: "Please let me know of some preparation for cleaning the teeth. I do not like to use some of the patented articles, as I think they may contain something injurious." *Answer:* Precipitated chalk is widely used as a dentifrice, and is a perfectly safe preparation.

Poems.—Lydia mails several short poems, asking our opinion of the same. It would be unwise for us to criticise poems in this department. Should we do so, we should have to give hours of time and a column of space weekly to that work.

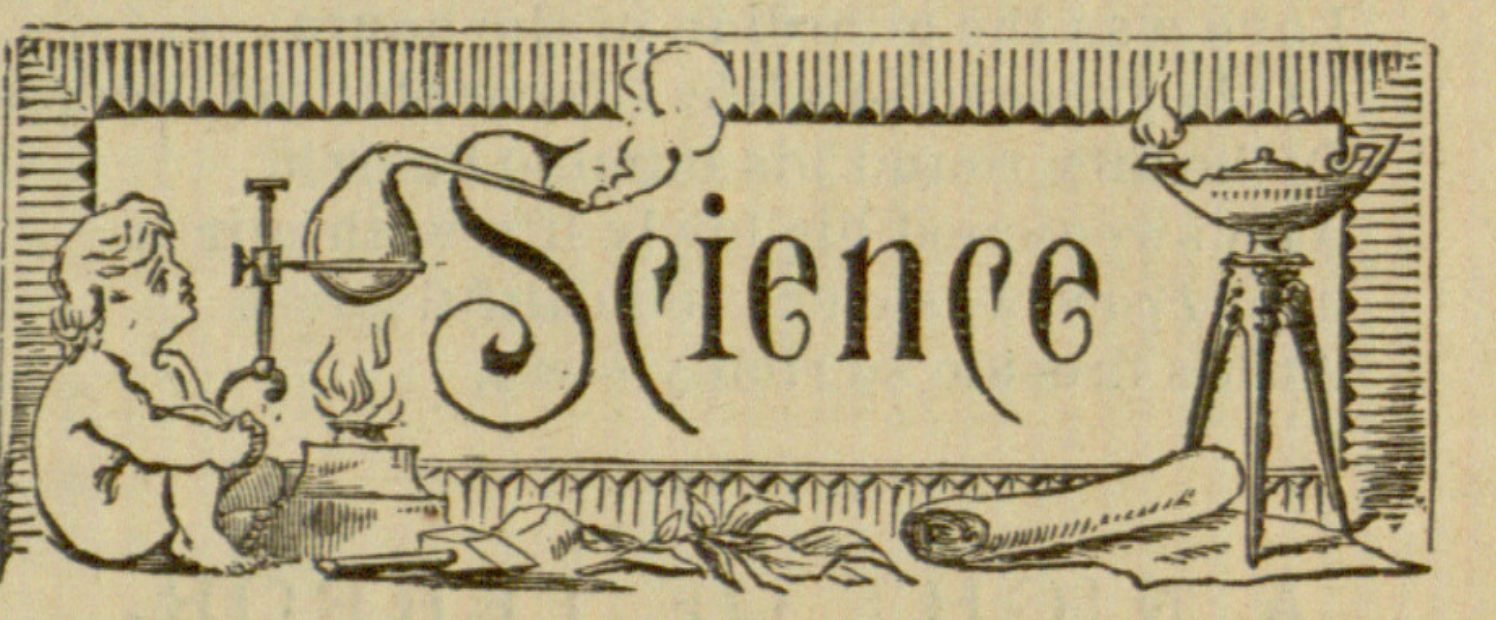
Days of the Week.—Brooklyn writes: "On what days of the week did May 29, 1860, May 29, 1861, and May 3, 1860, fall?" *Answer:* Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, respectively.

Making Acquaintances. (Miss Ignorance.)—Under ordinary circumstances, according to the stricter rules of etiquette, no young woman should write to a young man to come to call upon her in a merely social way. Neither should a man write to a young woman, asking permission to call upon her. It is supposed that all young women have friends in whose homes and society all desirable acquaintances can be made. There are, however, so many independent and self-sustaining young women that these rules are coming into disuse in communities where such young women abound. If it is the custom in the place and circle in which you move for these young women to arrange their own friendships and invite their own callers, you can do no better than to follow the usages of the place. But in any event, be exceedingly careful and prudent. There are many things that are better left undone, and the making of promiscuous acquaintances is among them. If the young man wants to call, he will find some excuse to do so without any written invitation from you.

Suitable Reading.—Fritz asks for a list of books suitable for a young girl of eighteen years. Dickens's works, Walter Scott's novels, George Eliot's books, and such authors as Thackeray, Reade, Victor Hugo and occasionally something by Jules Verne would furnish variety, not forgetting Rose Nonchette Carey's stories and the "Ledger Library," which is always full of good things.

Jules Verne. (R. F. J.)—"Ten Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," by Jules Verne, was first published in the United States in 1873.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*



Science

Nitroglycerine in Epileptic Paroxysm. Good results following the administration of nitroglycerine in angina pectoris, and the rapid relief of those headaches accompanied by small, wiry pulse, pallor of the face and sudden faintness, and often the relief of a severe neuralgia, led to the question: Can nitroglycerine be utilized to relieve the arterial spasm of the epileptic attack? It was thought that this drug would establish consciousness, relieve the convulsive movements, prevent the after-exhaustion and to prevent as far as possible the effects of the weakened blood-nourishment of the brain. The use of this powerful drug has long been advocated at the beginning of an attack, to abort the attack, if possible. "But its use after the attack has been established, when the sufferer lies where he has fallen, with rigid limbs and unconscious of all surroundings, has not been advocated, to my knowledge," writes Doctor Elliott Bates in the New York *Medical Journal*. "Obviously it called for the employment of the hypodermic method of medication, and it was given a trial. In the first case the patient had had attacks for four years. At this time he lay as he had fallen, rigid and totally unconscious, with violent muscular convulsions, foam about the mouth and all the other symptoms of an epileptic seizure. A hypodermic injection of *one one-hundredth* of a grain of nitroglycerine was given, and before the needle could be withdrawn total relaxation took place, consciousness returned and the patient called for a drink of water." In all the cases the results of the attack were much diminished.

An exposition will be held at Lyons, France, next year. The fair is to be opened on April 26th. The principal building is to be polygonal in shape, with a lofty central dome, which will rise to a height upon the interior of some one hundred and eighty feet. It rises in a graceful curve, the structure being strengthened by means of the airy lateral supports which resemble the flying buttress of a Gothic cathedral. The building will be seven hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and will cover a space of nearly five hundred thousand square feet. The total weight of the entire structure will be only about two thousand four hundred and eighty tons.

By using that most wonderful scientific instrument, the ophthalmoscope, with its condensing mirror and myriad of little lenses, the oculist, in looking into a person's eye, sees spread before him a record of the action of many of the more important organs of the human economy. Besides determining approximately the necessary strength of glass required to give perfect vision, he can usually discover the existence of any tumors that may press on the brain tissue, the condition of the general nervous system and the presence of disease of the kidneys.

Cow's milk contains about five or six times as much lime as does human milk. Lime is of utility in making bone, and consequently cow's milk is particularly adapted to that end. Much of the lime salts in cow's milk could be dispensed with, and probably for the benefit of the human infant, inasmuch as the infant does not walk for more than a year after birth, the calf, on the other hand, walking a few minutes after birth.

Color-blindness is about twice as prevalent among highly civilized nations as among semi-civilized. From four to five per cent. of the Norwegians are color-blind, while only two per cent. of the Indians on reservations are so afflicted.

In proportion to their stature, the Lapps have the largest heads in Europe, the Norwegians next, then come the Swedes, Germans, French and Italians. In the Arab, the head is found to be smaller than any of these named.

In the midsummer weeks, measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, cerebro-spinal meningitis and typhoid fever are the most fatal diseases in New York city.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Fashion and Fancy. The effort at reviving Empire styles has been of great advantage, in that it has made shorter waists possible, and has to some extent modified the very long ones that were running to almost absurd extremes. Indeed, some of the Empire waists are fitted over the usual long-waisted corset, and the space from belt to hip, instead of being given to freedom and the ability to draw a long breath, is compressed as of old, and the wearer is not able to receive even the little benefit that this fashion might allow.

It seems to be impossible for the eloquence of the whole medical and hygienic world to impress upon the mind of the average woman the fact that symmetry and artistic effects are not and cannot be secured by tight lacing. It makes the thin woman almost ridiculous, while her more substantial sister is merely a picture of distress. Flesh must go somewhere, and if the waist is compressed, the stoutness must be squeezed up or down, greatly to the detriment of health and the utter destruction of that grace and ease that are the characteristics of all true artistic beauty and symmetry.

One of the advantages of the late revolution in fashions is that women who so prefer may wear their waists as short as they please, and a large contingent of them are indulging in that luxury. To be able to breathe freely, to fill the lungs and expand the muscles is a pleasure that some of them have not enjoyed for many a long year.

The fullness and fluffiness of the shoulder-trimmings make a little more expansiveness at the waist not only tolerable but becoming. In fact, it is necessary in many cases, if one would secure the best effects.

One of the pretty modifications of the Empire idea is the lace flouncing falling from a yoke of rich embroidery or passementerie. This fashion may be utilized in various ways. An evening-dress has the entire front draped with lace that falls from the yoke to the hem of the skirt. Another dress has an eighteen-inch flounce similarly arranged, and a pretty, dressy costume has a flounce about thirty inches deep slightly fulled in at the yoke and then belted in at the waist-line. The corners of the flounce are draped a little back and fastened with loops and long ends of ribbon. Entire dresses of lace flouncing over silk or silk-faced stuffs are much liked. Almost every woman has a partly-worn silk dress that can be utilized in this way, and may be put together almost regardless of how many pieces it takes to make it out. They will never show, and are just so much clear gain. When a few yards of good quality black-lace flouncing are draped over a foundation of this sort, one may have, at small expense, a costume that will have more uses than any other that can be provided.

A specially attractive, dressy toilet is of sprigged silk mull. It has three narrow ribbon-bound ruffles at the lower edge of the skirt. These are headed by a puff of the material, above which is a band of gold passementerie in star pattern. The remainder of the skirt is without trimming except bands of very wide, gold-embroidered galloon on either side of the front. These bands are edged with lace about four inches wide, set on with just a trifle of fullness at the sides, but very full at the ends of the bands. A draped vest of the mull falls over a belt of the gold-wrought galloon. Over the front is a drapery of lace not quite as long as the mull front. The square neck is outlined by bands of the galloon, and similar trimming extends from the shoulders down the sides of the draped front to the waist-line. The sleeves are of full widths of mull, with lace ruffles at the elbows and over the shoulders. Just at the top of the shoulder the lace is drawn up close and falls in scallops over the sleeves. Lace and thin fabrics are so graceful, artistic and universally becoming and may now be had at such moderate prices that there is no excuse for any woman of even slender means going without at least one comfortable and becoming outfit.

Fashion Notes. A handsome evening-dress of thick, lustrous satin is trimmed with ruffles of embroidered chiffon. A sash of the same material is draped around the waist and long ends fall at one side of the front of the skirt.

A charming costume is made of vailing in a plain color. Satin ribbons in graduated widths are run around the skirt, waist and sleeves. The effect is very pretty and becoming to young and slender women.

Bonnet-strings on new models are very narrow, and are of velvet, moiré or plain ribbons. They are fastened high at the back of the bonnet and are tied or pinned at one side of the face.

Princesse dresses are much liked for full-dress wear. Cut plainly and fitted with great care, the princesse is the most admirable of foundations for rich and effective garniture.

Gold lace is coming into prominence as a material for dressy bonnets. It is made up with lace in black and colors or with fine knife-plaitings of mull or net.

The Watteau plait is occasionally seen in handsome costumes. It must be most carefully arranged and adapted or it is quite too wrapper-like to be desirable.

In spite of the mania for stripes, bands, ruffles, ruchings and the like, one occasionally sees a plain skirt, but of very rich and elegant material.

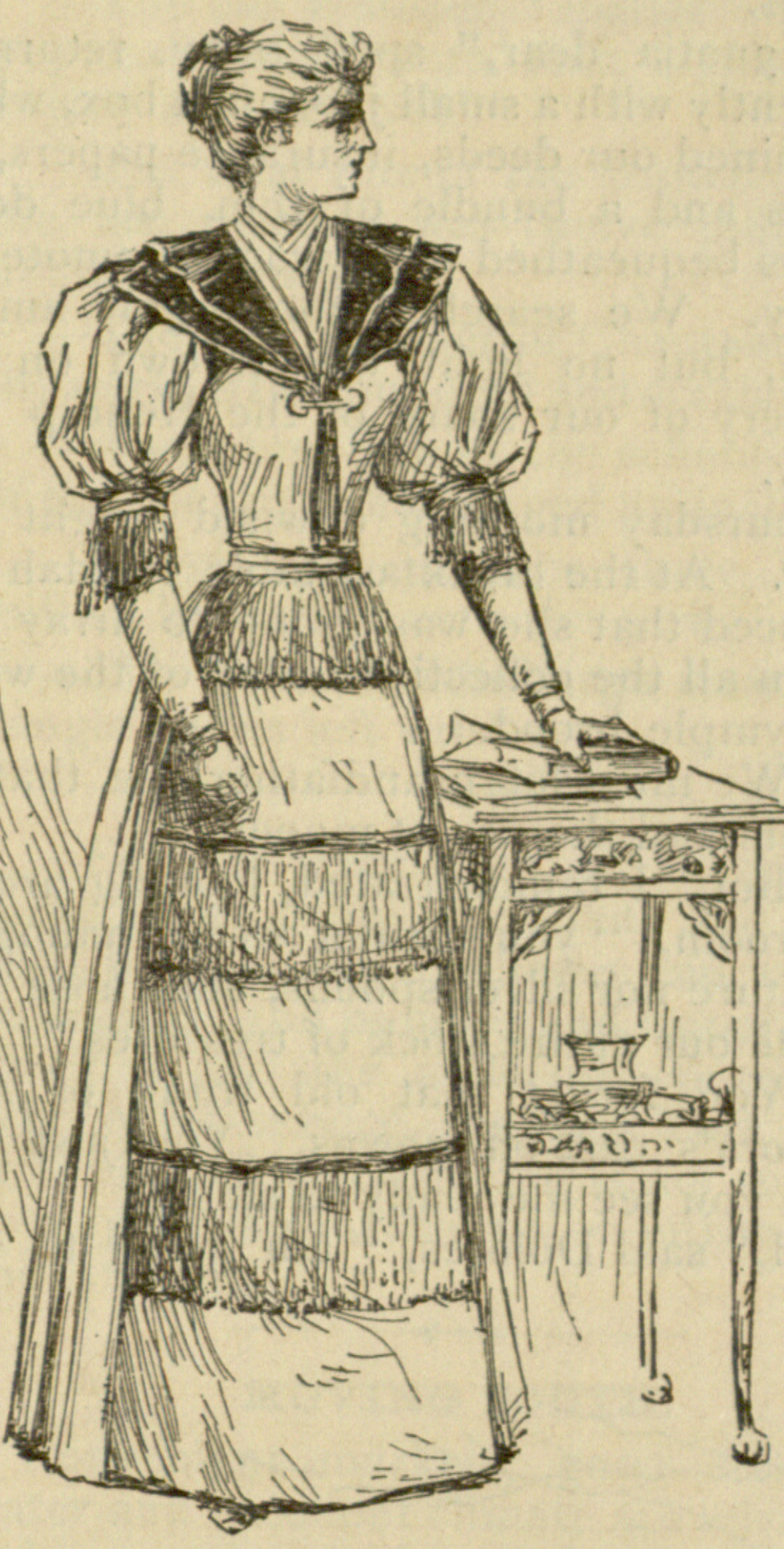
The square neck, with outline of embroidery in gold or mixed metal threads, is one of the fancies of the moment.

A new fancy in bracelets is the heavy rope-twist of Roman gold.

Waved hair, done in a door-knob knot, is a popular fashion.

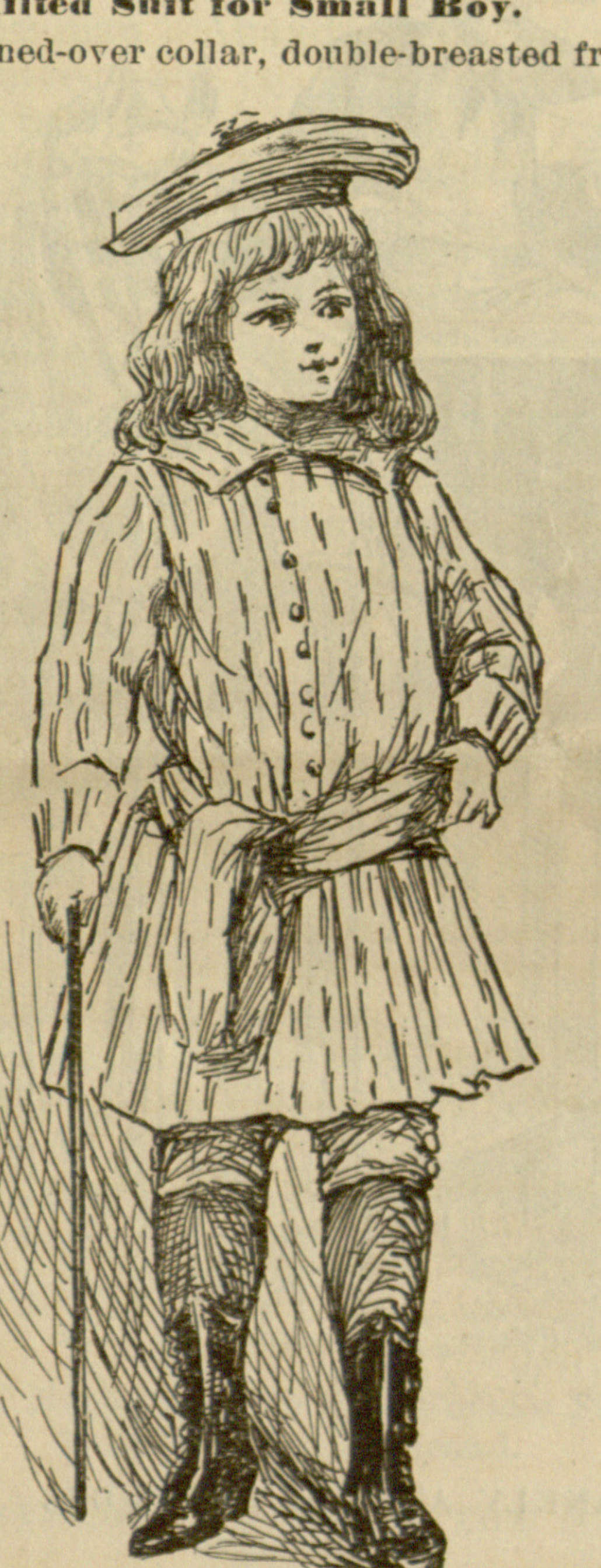
Handsome House-Dress.

House-dress of lusterless satin: Straight skirt with panel covering almost the width of the front breadth. This panel is crossed by bands of velvet edged with deep fringe. A belt of the velvet has a fall of fringe attached to it all around. The bodice is in Eton-jacket fashion with shoulder sections of velvet slightly full and slashed open above the sleeves; folded collar and draped front, puffed sleeves with bands of velvet at the elbows; cuffs trimmed with bands of velvet.



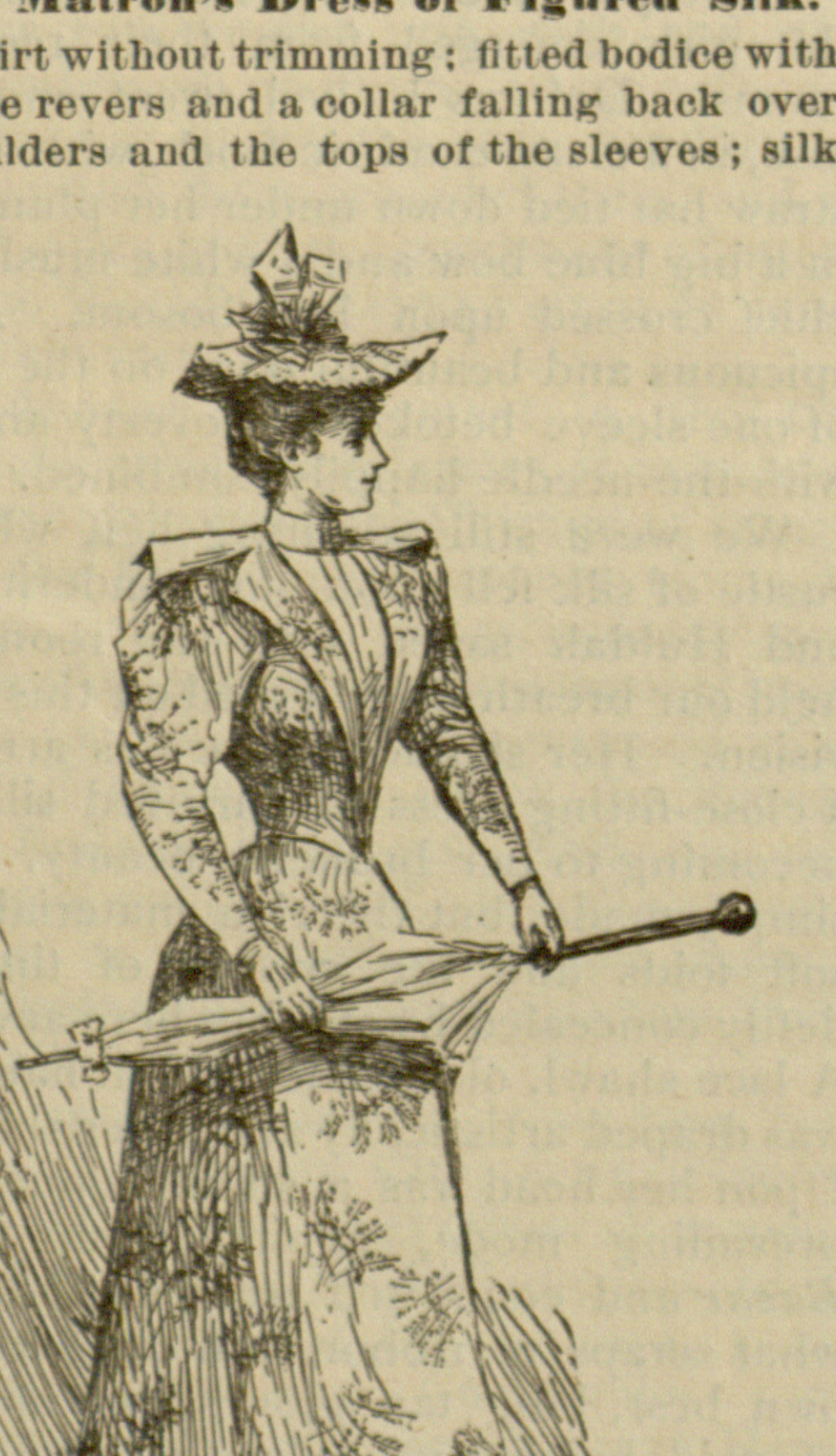
Kilted Suit for Small Boy.

Wide turned-over collar, double-breasted front, sleeves with deep cuffs, knee-trousers and sash of silk serge. High shoes and Tam O'Shanter cap.



Young Matron's Dress of Figured Silk.

Bell skirt without trimming: fitted bodice with very wide revers and a collar falling back over the shoulders and the tops of the sleeves; silk collar, and vest with buttons; leg-o'-mutton sleeves without trimming. Hat of open-work chip, trimmed with ribbon loops and faced with plaitings of chiffon.



A Delicious Combination. "I went on an old-fashioned visit to the country the other day," said a city housekeeper, who is, by the way, a graduate of one of the most popular cooking schools, "and was treated to some altogether out-of-common but exceedingly relishable dishes. In the course of our little chats, we fell to talking about boiled custard, and my hostess promised me a treat in this line. She made a boiled custard precisely after Miss Corson's celebrated recipe, except that she added about a tablespoonful of crystal gelatine, and cooked it for some minutes longer. From the time of putting into the farina kettle it was steadily stirred with a wooden spoon, then after taking it from the fire it was beaten until thoroughly cold, filling the kettle with cold water instead of hot and constantly renewing it. My friend said she sometimes put it in the ice-cream freezer with a very little ice around it and turned it, ice-cream fashion, when she was in a hurry for it. When ready to serve, it was the smoothest, creamiest preparation I ever tasted. We had some delicious red raspberries, and the custard was used with them as a cream. I have told all of my friends about it, and those who have tried it are enthusiastic in its praises.

"In cities, especially where one cannot get cream at any price, this makes a most welcome substitute. We like it better for use with fruit when all flavoring is omitted, and when eggs are scarce we use two whole eggs in place of five yolks, as Miss Corson describes; and under all circumstances strain it through a thick cloth."

As some of the *Ledger* readers may not have Miss Corson's recipe at hand it is given herewith:

Beat together the yolks of five eggs, add four heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar; when they are quite smooth, stir in a quart of milk and flavor the custard with any essence preferred; strain the custard into a farina kettle or double boiler, and constantly stir it until it begins to thicken. As soon as the custard begins to thicken, remove it at once from the fire and continue to stir it for two minutes to make it quite smooth; then use it either cold or hot. If by any mischance there are lumps in the custard, it must be strained before it is used.

Garden Hints. It is well, at this season of the year, to look ahead for the most desirable plants for winter blooming. This may to the amateur seem like working a long ways ahead; but a successful florist works for next year most of his time, and the semi-professional, as many amateurs have come to be, will find this one of the best of all courses to pursue, if really satisfactory results are to be expected. Unless one is especially attached to a rapid-growing plant, it is quite as well to root a cutting early in the season, get it well potted and started, and depend upon it for the winter's supply of window-blooms; particularly is this the case with the large family of horseshoe geraniums. These grow so fast and come into bloom in such admirable shape while yet they are young plants that many persons prefer the young growth and a number of smaller geraniums rather than one old and large one. This plan has this compensation, in that, if accident befalls a blooming plant, one does not lose the variety; and where efforts have been made to secure a number of the popular sorts, it is a matter of regret if any of them perish. Strong, thrifty shoots will root in a very short time, and, if judiciously handled, should be in admirable blooming condition by the time it is necessary to take them in-doors.

If the weeds pulled from the garden and the sod that one necessarily cuts up from the borders during the season have been piled in a corner of the yard and allowed to decay, or have been put into the barrel and box as described in a former number of the *Ledger*, a sufficient amount of good potting material will be found ready for use when potting-time arrives. While gardeners and florists find it to great advantage to keep their plants in small pots, the window-gardener will probably get more favorable results from the use of those that are a trifle larger. The greater bulk of earth retains the moisture better and makes the sometimes inevitable neglect of plants in the window less fatal to their prosperity. Carnations, geraniums of all sorts, the abutilon, which is one of the most charming and satisfactory of window-plants, and the hibiscua, that brightens the winter days with its glowing blossoms, flourish admirably if rooted and brought up to the blooming-point before cold weather sets in.

Plain Garments. "I do not like to make the clothes for my family," said a busy woman, "but I do wish I could get garments that were neatly made and entirely without trimming. It is almost always the case that I have to change the neck or the sleeves of Mollie's dress, let out around the waist for plump little Jennie, and take in for Kate, who is as thin as a match, and put additional sleeves for Edith's long arms. In most cases I am obliged to change the trimming or piece it out with something else. Now if I could get exquisitely made, perfectly plain underwear or outside garments, I should greatly enjoy trimming them myself. I would rather do it and have my garnitures uniform. I wonder that some one does not make a specialty of exceedingly fine underwear. I would have the body of the garment perfect in fit and finish; then any portion that required trimming could be arranged so that garniture might be added with very little trouble. Night-dresses could be corded or bound at collar and sleeves, and left plain; others might have fancy yoke of tucks or similar finish and be left for lace garniture or ruffles to be rolled and over-sewed on. I think that there would be an excellent demand for dresses of cambrics, challies, lawns, organdies and all inexpensive goods finished in the highest style of the art but without any garniture of any kind. Many ladies have that which, although it may have seen service, is quite as good as new and they would like to use it while it is in style, but if they buy their dresses there is a great amount of trimming on them and, of course, no opportunity to use that which is on hand. In all medium-priced fabrics such plain well-finished dresses, jackets, matinées, tea-gowns and the like would be exceedingly popular. Some of these days we will have them and the establishment that starts in first on this idea will unquestionably be the gainer by it."

A Home-Made Mangle. In these days of inefficient domestic service and, indeed, no domestic service at all, when the work of the house must be done by the mistress and her daughters in default of other assistance, every labor-saving method and device has an added value.

A woman who found herself in one of these straits tried the wringer as a mangle for towels and bed-linen, with such satisfactory results that she never cares to change back to the old way of ironing. The pieces were taken from the line while still damp, or, not finding this convenient, they were dampened afterward and allowed to remain for some hours, then snapped, shaken and smoothed, folded to the required width and put through the wringer, which was screwed down as tightly as possible. Pillow-cases, sheets and towels alike went through this process and were then hung up, thoroughly aired and dried. It is surprising to one who has not tried, what a time, labor and heat-saving contrivance this is, and how satisfactory the work is when finished. The sheets are folded length-wise and put through several times. Of course, they cannot be run through the wringer when folded to the usual size, but the end-to-end fold is smoothed down with the hands, as are those that come after. By a little careful management, smoothing and patting and taking care that the proper degree of dampness is secured, the pieces look almost as well as when ironed by the usual processes.

A Dainty Dish. In a certain community where there is no little rivalry among young housekeepers as to who shall serve the daintiest dishes, the production of a novelty awakens quite a little ripple of excitement among those ambitious and wide-awake housewives. One of these, not long since, served a new dish at an informal tea. No one could imagine, when they took their places at the table, of what it was composed. When it was served, everybody exclaimed. A large cantaloupe had been cut in very thin slices, then into pieces about three-fourths of an inch long. These were piled in a salad-dish and sprinkled with a heaping tablespoonful of granulated sugar, which was thoroughly mixed in with the pieces. This was allowed to stand in the ice-box for about two hours. When ready to serve, a very little fine salt was sprinkled over it. The cantaloupe, which was one of the first of the season and had been secured at no end of trouble, proved almost tasteless when cut, but after the sugar-and-salt treatment it was voted equal in flavor to the finest Golden Jenny.

Housekeepers who find themselves disappointed in the flavor of this fruit may take a hint of this and set before their guests something at once palatable and novel.

That Third Toe. There has been a good deal of complaint of late of pain and inflammation in the third toe; sometimes it affects one foot and sometimes both are troublesome. Up to date, no one seems to have diagnosed the case properly. Here is an opportunity for some medical research that shall solve the problem of what many persons call the third-toe disease.

In some instances the toe is inflamed and sensitive to the touch, in others there is no outward indication of any difficulty, but all the same there is continual pain and uneasiness, spasmodic at times, and again steady, aggressive and very irritating to the nerves. The complaint with some sufferers is that it is impossible to keep the foot still, with others that it causes a condition of general nervousness. Another patient says that the pain runs to the heart, and another that it involves the entire half of the body. Some scientist has said that some day we are to have no toes at all; perhaps this is the first symptom of this condition.

Maybe evolution has already set in. If so, and the symptoms increase in severity, it will evidently be a painful process.

Sweet Tomato-Pickle. One peck of green tomatoes and six large onions sliced. Sprinkle with one cupful of salt, and let them stand over night. In the morning, drain. Add to the tomatoes two quarts of water and one quart of vinegar. Boil fifteen minutes; then drain again, and throw this vinegar and water away. Add to the pickle two pounds of sugar, two quarts of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, two of allspice, two of ginger, two of mustard, two of cinnamon and one teaspoonful of cayenne, and boil fifteen minutes.

Stuffed Peppers. Get large bell-peppers. Cut around the stem, remove it and take out all the seeds. For the stuffing use two quarts of chopped cabbage, a cupful of white mustard seed, three tablespoonfuls of celery seed, two tablespoonfuls of salt, half a cupful of grated horseradish. Fill each pepper with part of this mixture, and into each one put a small onion and a little cucumber. Tie the stem on again, put the peppers in a jar, and cover with cold vinegar.

Pickled Peaches. For six pounds of fruit use three of sugar, five dozen cloves and a pint of vinegar. Into each peach stick two cloves. Have the sirup hot and cook until tender.

GRANDFATHER LEGGETT'S WILL.

BY ELIZABETH OLMIS.

We are the four Dalrymple girls, Dolores, Blanche, Huldah and Ignatia. Oddly enough, we are not the least bit like our names, for Dolores is the most cheerful, jolly sort of a body; Blanche is the dark one and Huldah the beauty; while I am nothing at all like the stately, imposing maiden one would naturally expect to see in Ignatia Dalrymple.

We are orphans, and our sole possessions consist of a small house and garden in a humdrum village, a few silver spoons, one beautiful old cabinet of solid mahogany, a string of gold beads descended to us from our great-grandmother, and ourselves. All the rest—our father's books and our mother's jewels—went little by little to buy our bread and butter while we were growing from babies to young women.

For three or four years now we have been taking care of ourselves: Dolores with her pen—she writes the most delightful tales; Blanche with her music pupils in a neighboring city; Huldah as a typewriter in the same busy place, and I by keeping the old home in order and making many of the girls' clothes. We all like good times and pretty things, and sometimes can't help wishing we could have more of them. But, on the whole, we jog along very contentedly, trying to keep sweet-tempered and serene, as our precious mother always did even in the darkest hours.

One morning, not long ago, soon after Blanche and Huldah had come home for a vacation, we sat together in our cool, pleasant sitting-room. For a wonder, we were not all talking at the moment that a thundering knock was given on the front door. We jumped as guiltily as though we had been caught stealing jam, and I went to see who had come. A tall countryman stood before me on the porch.

"Good mornin', marm," he said, at the same time extending a letter. "Old Colonel Leggett, over to Rockmeadow, he ast me to give ye this as I was a-passin'. I reckon this is the Dalrymple place, marm?"

"Yes. Thank you," I said, staring at the letter and then at him.

He made an awkward attempt at a bow and went off to his wagon.

I came back to the sitting-room, holding the thick yellow envelope up for my sisters to see.

"Only think, girls, it is from Grandfather Leggett!"

Now our Grandfather Leggett was a very peculiar personage. For a great many years he had lived on the other side of the world, and had written to our mother very seldom. A few months after her death, he came home to Leggett's Luck, the old family homestead, about ten miles down the railroad from our village. He came over to see us twice a year, usually bringing a sack of potatoes or apples. At Christmas-time he always sent us five dollars apiece. Once we were invited to spend a week with him. We enjoyed the picturesque, rambling farmhouse, the portraits, the quaint furniture and all the special nooks our mother had told us of in our childish days passed in a distant State, but we could not enjoy our new-found grandfather. Whether he had lived too long in some heathenish country where they don't have American girls; whether his conscience reproached him for his neglect of his daughter; whether for some other reason, we did not know. but he seemed just as ill at ease with us as we felt with him. Some way we could not be ourselves with the little, dark-skinned, white-haired old gentleman, whose keen, black eyes shone from under his bushy brows as brilliantly as the wonderful gem flashed upon his shirt-front.

Our Grandfather Leggett was reputed to be fabulously rich, but everybody said that Will Hendip was to be his heir. The Hendip estate joined the Leggett Luck, and the two families were distantly related. Will's father, who had married and died away off in a foreign land, was grandfather's partner, and we had heard that grandfather had adopted Will. We all liked the genial, handsome fellow, who came often to see us, but we suspected, from sundry sharp speeches our grandfather made now and then, that he was not pleased with the intimacy growing up between "Cousin Will" and "those Dalrymple girls."

Such was the state of things between our relatives and ourselves when the unexpected letter made its appearance.

"Who is it for?" asked Huldah, forgetting her grammar.

I turned the blank envelope toward her.

"No address!" she cried. "How queer! But then it comes from a queer man."

"Hush, Huldah!" reproved Dolores, who, as the eldest, had taken the letter from me and was tearing it open. "Who knows but he has sent us a thousand dollars."

"No danger," murmured Huldah, as Dolores began to read aloud:

> "DEAR SIS: I want you to come over next Thursday, the 18th, on the 4:15 train. I am going to make my will. We must arrange about Will and 'Sweetheart,' too. Bring one of the others with you. IGNATIUS LEGGETT."

A sheeted ghost arising from beneath the floor and sitting solemnly in our midst could scarcely have created more of a sensation than this epistle. What could it possibly mean? It was an open secret among us that Blanche and Will Hendip were very fond of each other. Did grandfather know this, too, and was he about to bestow his blessing upon them and to ask our advice in making his will? Such unaccustomed thoughts as these were too great for our poor brains. We sat there, dazed, staring at each other helplessly. At length Dolores asked faintly:

"Girls, which of us is 'Sis?'"

We looked around at one another as though we were going to see the magic letters appear upon the brow of the chosen one. Then with one accord we turned our eyes toward Huldah. She was, as I have said, our beauty. We had always longed to dress her in the soft silks, the rare laces, the gleaming jewels, that would have set off her exquisite face so perfectly. She seemed lovelier than ever to us at this moment when we all felt sure that it was she whom our grandfather had chosen for his heiress. After a short silence, Dolores spoke the thought of three of our minds.

"You are the one, Huldah. Three cheers for Grandfather Leggett!"

As soon as she could be heard, Huldah cried:

"All or none, girls."

And then we all began talking at once like a lot of chattering blackbirds.

Our excited discussion resulted in the decision that Dolores, as the eldest, and Huldah, as our unanimous choice, should go down to Rockmeadow on Thursday afternoon. This settled, I began to wonder what our mother's rightful share in the Hendip property had been. I inquired of Dolores.

"I haven't an idea. But you know mamma's grandmother was a Hendip and there must have been something."

"Possibly," said Blanche. "Ignatia, dear, suppose you bring out the family archives."

"Ignatia dear," sped away, returning presently with a small japanned box, which contained our deeds, insurance papers, receipts and a bundle of thin, blue documents bequeathed to us from a remote ancestry. We searched thoroughly among them, but no light was thrown on the mystery of our share of the Hendip property.

Thursday morning dawned bright and clear. At the breakfast-table Huldah announced that she was going to array herself in all the collective finery of the whole Dalrymple brood.

"We must let grandfather see that we understand the use of money."

"But," I remonstrated, looking around the room, "you cannot wear mahogany furniture nor silver spoons, and those constitute our entire stock of treasures."

"You forget that old trunk of Aunt Medora's cast-off gowns. You just wait until you see me ready to start."

"I," said Dolores, "am going to wear the worst rags I can find, so as to let him see how much we need some money."

A burst of laughter greeted this very practical resolve.

In ample time for the four-fifteen train, the girls emerged from their respective rooms. Dolores looked sweet enough to kiss, in a clean cambric frock, with a coarse straw hat tied down under her plump chin in a big blue bow and a white muslin kerchief crossed upon her bosom. A conspicuous and beautiful darn on the outside of one sleeve betokened poverty and skill-with-the-needle happily combined.

We were still admiring her, when the rustle of silk fell upon our wondering ears, and Huldah sailed into the room. We held our breath as we gazed on this radiant vision. Her slender figure was arrayed in a close-fitting dress of dark-red silk, most becoming to her brunette beauty. It was simply made, but the rich material fell in soft folds and the creases of time were deftly concealed by stitches here and there. A lace shawl, old-fashioned but handsome, was draped artistically about her shoulders. Upon her head was a small bonnet of the prevailing mode, copied from the last *Bazar* and concocted from she only knew what scraps of ribbon and feathers. Her own best, long tan gloves, our one string of gold beads and a lace parasol evolved from my sunshade and a lot of black tulle, completed this truly artistic and stylish attire.

We all approved them to our hearts' content, and they started off in high spirits. I went, too, presently, down to the parsonage, where I had an appointment with Mrs. Appleby, leaving Blanche at home alone. We had none of us said much to her about the unexpected good news concerning Will Hendip and herself in grandfather's note. We felt, someway, that she would rather have a good talk with Will first. But we were all just as happy over it as we could be, and I could not help giving her a very tell-tale kiss of gladness when I left her. She put her arms around my neck and hid her face on my shoulder for an instant.

"Isn't it lovely of grandfather?" she whispered.

The parsonage is half a mile down the street from our home, and I was walking leisurely along the shady pathway, when I heard some one calling me. I looked around and, to my immense astonishment, there sat Grandfather Leggett in his buggy.

"Come, get in here, John," he commanded, peremptorily.

He always called me John for some reason known only to himself.

I obeyed, outwardly composed but inwardly in a tumult of wonderment. As we went rolling swiftly along behind his high-stepping bay, he asked:

"Did that blunderhead of a Peter Van Dusen bring a letter to your house last Monday?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Where is it?"

"In the upper drawer of Blanche's desk."

"Did you read it?"

"Why, of course, we read it," was my rather surprised answer to this strange question.

"Humph! Do you always read other people's letters, you girls?"

"I don't know what you mean, grandfather. It was not 'other people's' letters. The man asked plainly if this was not the Dalrymple place and said you told him to give the letter to us."

"Oh, well, Peter Van Dusen was never known to do an errand right. But I should think you could have read Cyrus Cobley's name on the envelope," and he chuckled as if he had said something funny.

"There was no name on the envelope. There was nothing at all on the outside, but as it began 'Dear Sis,' on the inside, we supposed it was for one of us," I said, in as dignified a way as I could. He turned around and gave me a piercing glance from his keen eyes.

"How is that, miss? No address and beginning 'Dear Sis?' That is no letter of mine."

"It is signed 'Ignatius Leggett,'" I remarked demurely.

He made no reply to this but drove directly to our house.

"Go bring me that letter, John," he said briefly, as we reached the gate.

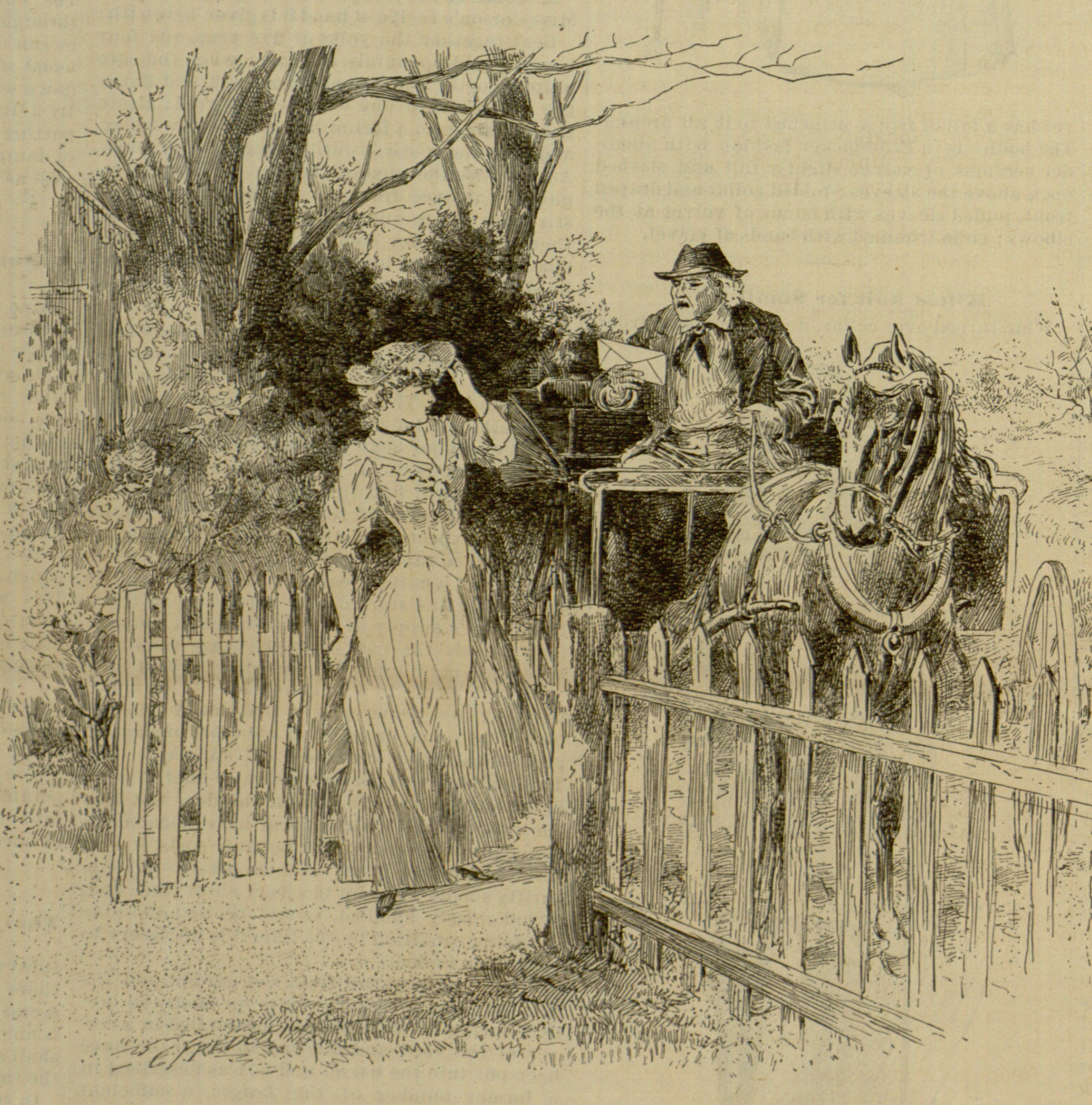
I rushed in for it, only stopping to give Blanche a convulsive squeeze by way of an outlet to my feelings.

Grandfather gazed rather blankly at the envelope, then opened the letter. At this he squinted with a puzzled look for a minute or two. Then his face cleared.

"That is not 'Dear Sis,' at all, John, but 'Dear Sir,' as plain as the nose on your face, and I should think anybody but a passel of silly girls might have known that the letter was for a lawyer, and that 'Sweetheart' is the name of a silver-mine. I happened to meet Cyrus Cobley in town this morning, and found he had not received my message, so I suspected that Peter had made one of his usual blunders; but I didn't think that you simpletons were so fast for my money as—"

He never finished that sentence, for I interrupted him hotly. You can imagine, perhaps, how my indignation had been rising during his remarks. To think of those two dear girls on their way to Rockmeadow; of their chagrin, disappointment and mortification at being so duped; and of our sweet Blanche, whose hopes had been raised so high, only to be dashed to the ground. And then to have him hint that we were so fast for his money! I just could not stand it another minute. The next thing I knew, I was looking him straight in the eye with burning cheeks and beating heart, and speaking very fast.

"Grandfather," I said, "you are not fair. We don't want your money at all nor anything connected with it. And it is not our fault that you did not write plainly and forgot to address the letter, nor that Dolores and Huldah have gone over to your house, nor that poor Blanche has been so happy about Will Hendip. We took your letter



GRANDFATHER GAZED RATHER BLANKLY AT THE ENVELOPE.

for just what it said, and I am not going to have my sisters blamed for it."

He had turned red and then white during my little speech, and I was frightened myself at my boldness. But I was not going to let him see it. I held my head up very high, and looked as brave as I could, when I had finished. To my amazement, after a minute he began to laugh.

"You are a real little Leggett, John. I I shall have to call you Ignatius in the future. Not one of your sisters would dare to talk to me in this high and mighty fashion, I 'll be bound!"

He laughed again, loud and long.

"So Dolores and Blanche have gone over to help me make my will, and Blanche thinks I 've given her and Will Hendip my blessing, and you are scolding your poor old grandfather like a school-boy, all because I don't write a good fist and forgot to put any name on an envelope. Don't you think you are rather hard on a lonely old man, John?"

I could hardly believe my ears when I heard the tone of this last question. We had always thought of our grandfather as queer and sharp-tongued; but that he could be lonely in his fine home or that he was growing old and feeble had never occurred to us. In spite of myself, I felt the tears coming into my eyes as I looked into his wrinkled face and thought of the many long years since his daughter had left the old homestead. I forgot that he had been hard to our mother; that he had neglected us; that he often behaved in such a strange fashion. I saw only an old man who needed some one of his womankind to love him and to care for him. But I did not speak of this new emotion which had filled my heart. I could not. Perhaps it was not necessary that my lips should express my thoughts. My face has always been called a tell-tale one, and grandfather's eyes were very keen. He leaned forward from the buggy and laid his hand for a moment upon mine.

"God bless you, John," he said; then drove quickly away.

When the girls came home and I had told them all about it, we had first a good cry and then a good laugh. And we decided to go over and see our grandfather the next week and to try and be more friendly with him. But he was more prompt than we. The very afternoon following the girls' fruitless trip to Rockmeadow, he came to see us. That was in June. Now it is the 1st of August, and we are all living at Leggett's Luck, as happy as we can be. The day of good times and pretty things has come to us. Dolores writes more charming stories than ever, Blanche and Will are to be married at Chirstmas time, Huldah is grandfather's amanuensis, and there is no danger of any more mistakes in his letters; while I am housekeeper for him and, he often says, heart-keeper, too.

Ever since that memorable day, when I spoke my mind to him for the first time and the last time, too, in such a way, he has shown us a side of his nature that we never knew before; and we all love him dearly. Once in a while, when he feels particularly good-humored, he asks us if we don't want to help him make his will.

◆

IF YOU HAD A FRIEND

Tormented with dyspepsia, you could not give him better advice than to adopt and stick to a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, finest and safest of tonics and regulators. This is no barren assertion. Experience has proved, physicians and the public certify to it. No less emphatic is their indorsement of it as a remedy for malarial disease, constipation, rheumatism, kidney disease, gout and neuralgia. Use it with persistence. —*Adv.*

◆

PRAYING AND ROWING.—Doctor Macleod and Doctor Watson were crossing a lake together in the West Highlands in company with a number of passengers, when a storm came on with terrible force. One of the passengers was heard to say: "The twa ministers should begin to pray, or we 'll a' be drooned." "Na, na," said the boatman, "the little ane can pray if he like, but the big ane maun tak' an oar."

◆

LOST TIME

Is money lost. Time saved is money saved. Time and money can be saved by using the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in your recipes for custards, puddings and sauces. Try it and be convinced. Grocers and Druggists. —*Adv.*

◆

MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL

Are reached most directly from either Chicago or St. Louis by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. Daily vestibuled trains with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington Route dining cars. —*Adv.*

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

—The longest word in the English language is said to be "disproportionableness," which contains twenty-one letters.

—The old Webster "speller" had such popularity that more than eighty million copies of it were sold.

—The total vote of the United States at the last election was twelve million one hundred thousand.

—The total number of Chautauquans in the world is two hundred and six thousand.

—About one-fifth of the school-teachers of the country are changed annually.

—Kansas will produce three hundred million bushels of corn this year.

—The Duke of Edinburgh wears a gold bangle on his left wrist.

◆

—For the excellence of its track, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic. —*Adv.*

◆

MOVING SOUTH.

Convenient markets, good soil, pure water and excellent climate are advantages to be considered when looking up a home, business location, farm, etc. Maryland and the Virginias afford these with many more advantages. Improved farm-lands, adapted to stock-raising, dairying, grain, grass and fruit-growing, can be obtained at low prices and upon easy terms. Thriving towns invite the merchant, mechanic and business man. Abundance of coal, timber, ore, water-power, etc. Free sites for manufacturers.

For further information address M. V. Richards, Land and Immigration Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md. —*Adv.*

◆

PROVIDENCE LINE SUMMER-TOURS

Is the title of an interesting folder issued by the Providence Line and giving a great variety of routes and rates to the White Mts. summer resorts of New England and the Maritime Provinces. From this time on until the end of October is the best time to visit the White Mts. A through parlor-car runs from wharf of Providence Line steamers at Providence to Fabyans and other White Mt. points without change and affords the best means of reaching all White Mt. points. The steamers *Connecticut* and *Massachusetts* of the Providence Line are second to none in the world for comfort and luxury of their appointment and equipment for transportation of passengers. They are fast, safe and luxurious. A first-class orchestra is carried on each steamer, and their cuisine and table service is unexcelled. —*Adv.*

◆

Popular Excursions to the World's Fair via Pennsylvania Railroad.

ADDITIONAL DATES IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

So great is the popularity of the half-rate excursions to the World's Fair that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has decided to increase the number of trips. In pursuance of this plan popular excursions will be run August 12th, 16th, 22d, 28th, September 9th and 13th. These excursions will be run under the same conditions as those which have preceded them, and will afford every one an opportunity of attending the World's Greatest Fair at an inconsiderable cost.

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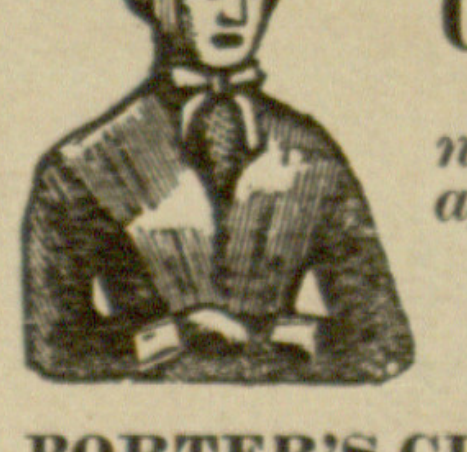

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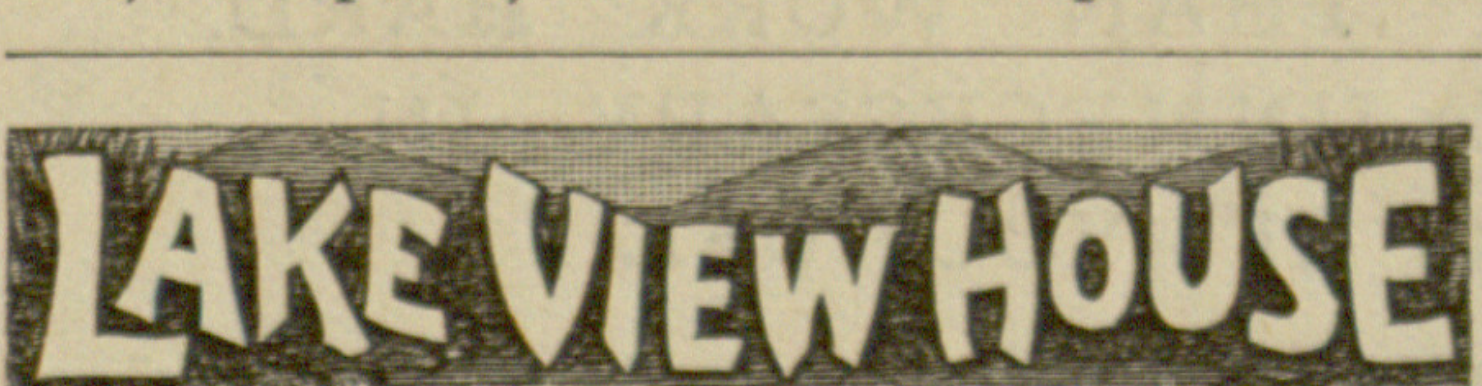

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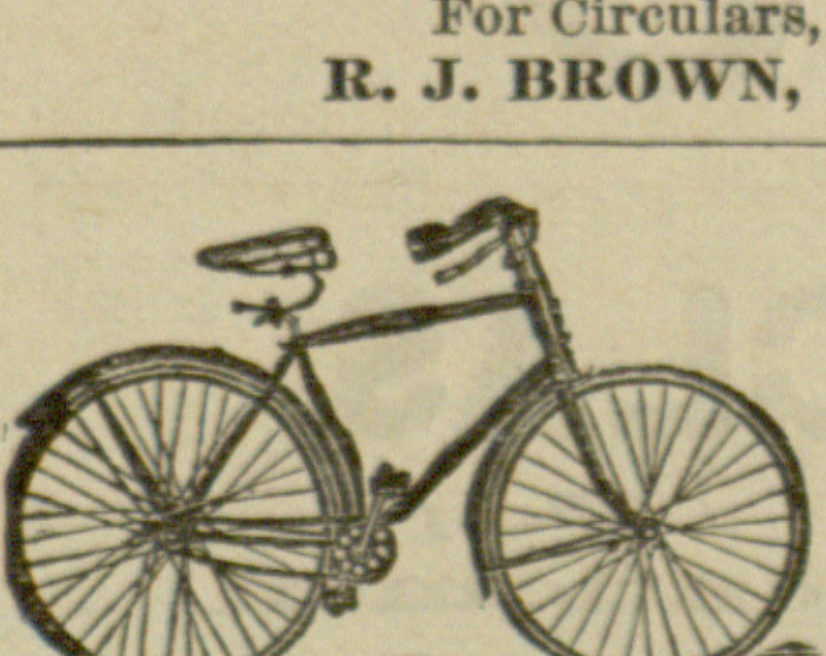

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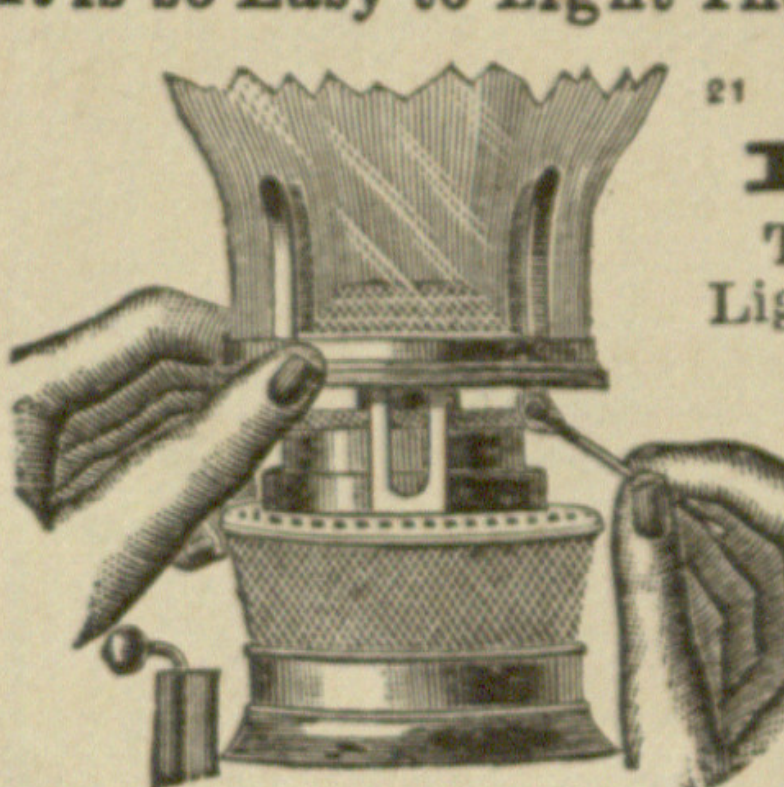

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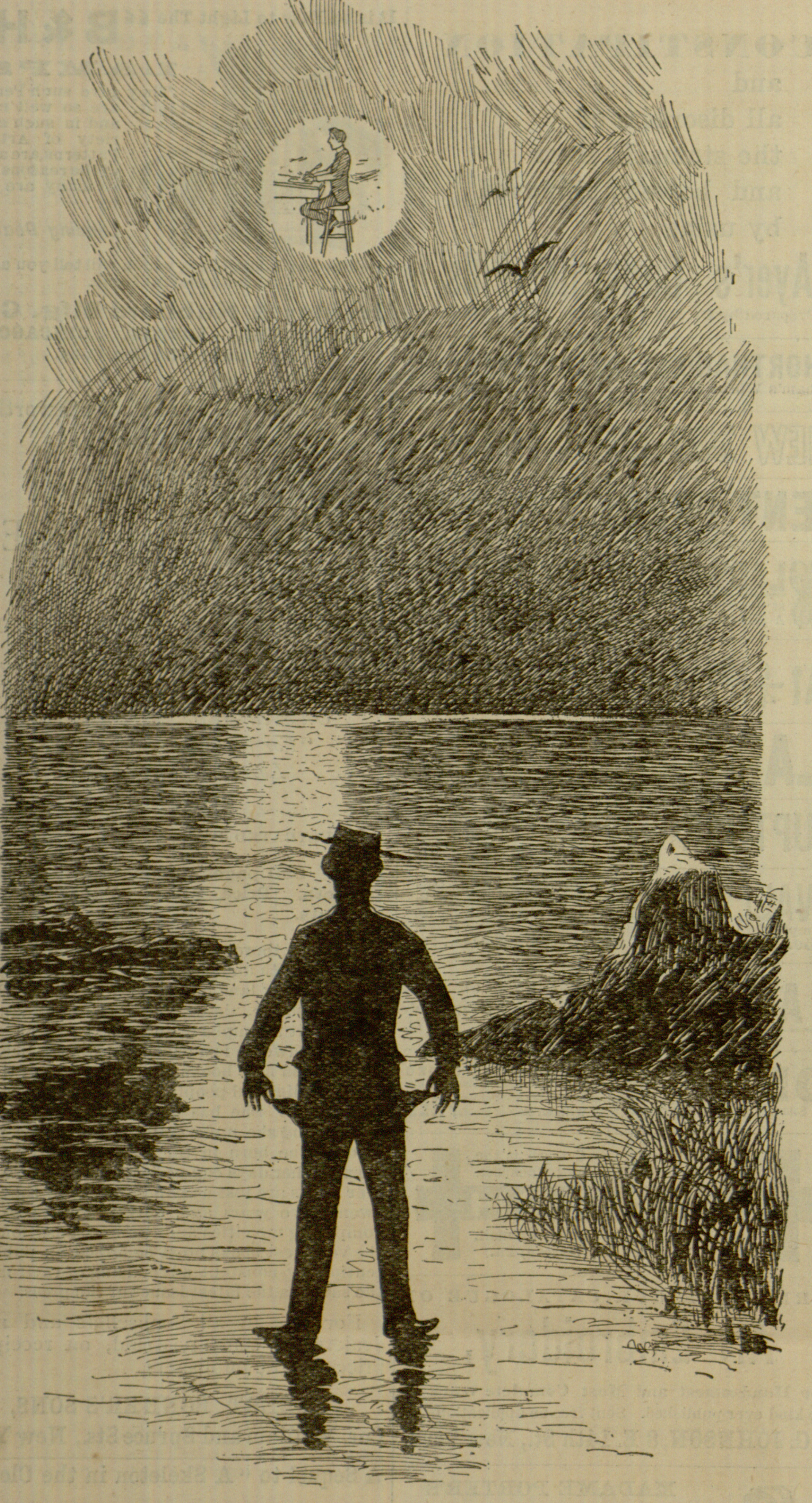

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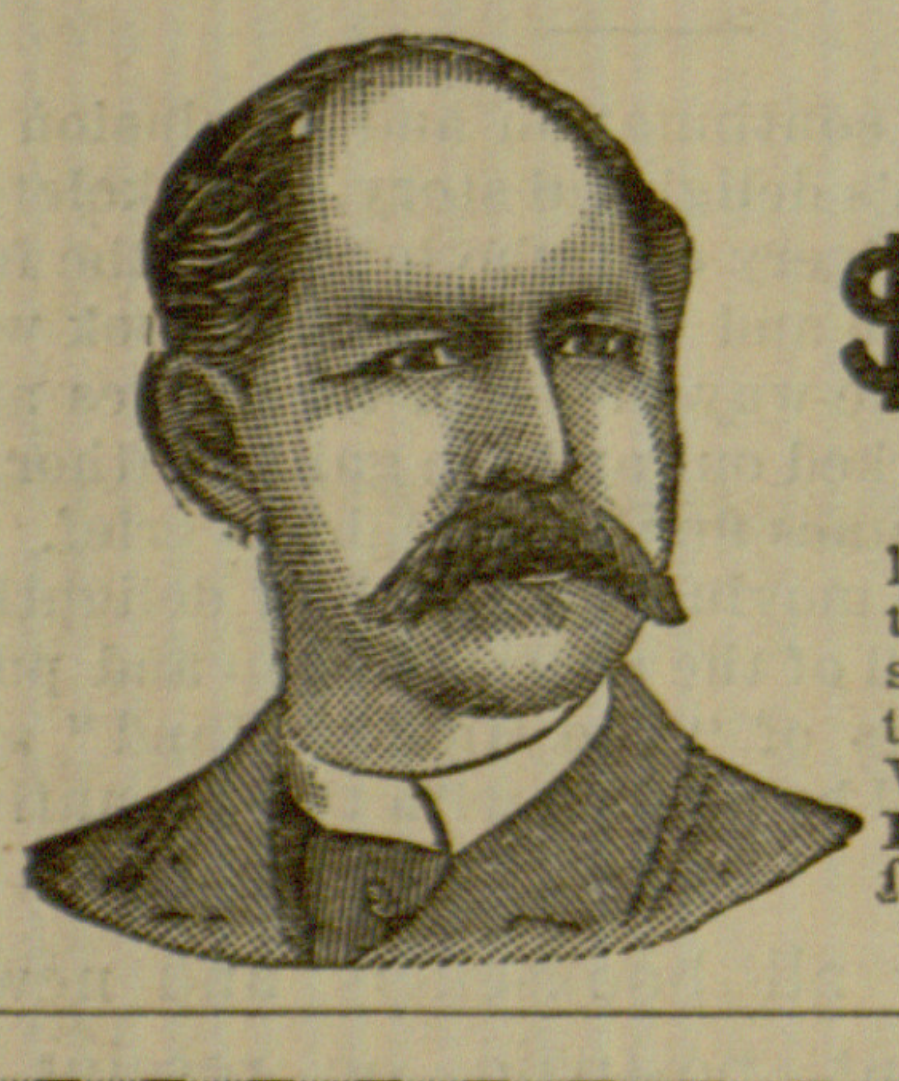

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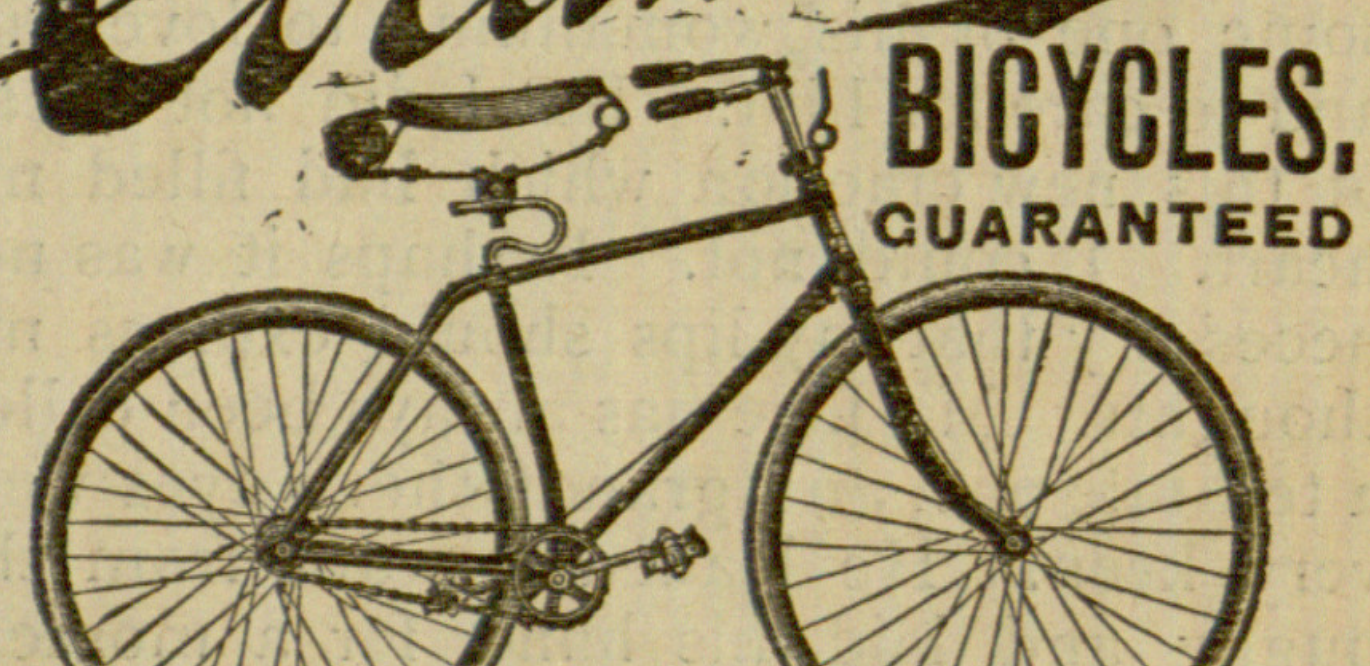

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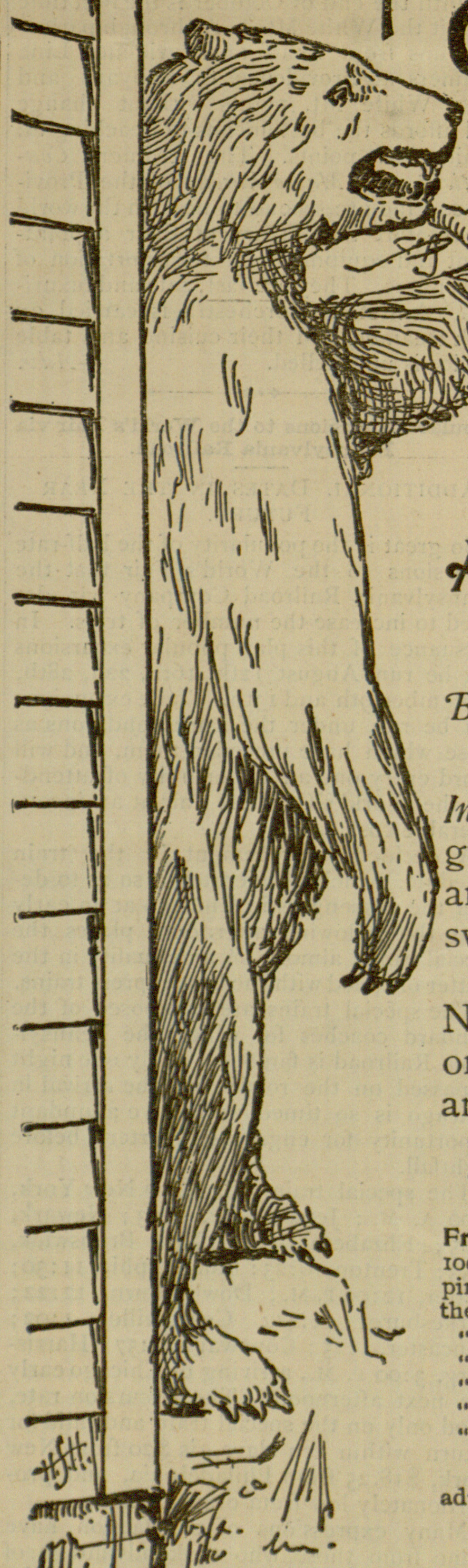

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